

## Gourmet 1621

### Chapter 1621: Nethery's Whereabouts

The Immortal Island of Penglai seemed to have transformed into a real paradise.

Wisps of immortal aura swirled and spread, enveloping the whole island, while clumps of hazy white immortal aura floated over the sea like the clouds in the sky. Stimulated by them, the vegetation on the island grew rapidly into towering trees with dense branches.

There was a pulpit at the center of the island, which was surrounded by many immortal temples.

Fully naked, Shen Gongbao rode his black panther and flew across the sky with fear still lingering in him. Many disciples of Penglai were stunned when they saw him rush into the island without wearing anything.

“It turns out that there are exhibitionists among Immortals as well...” Many Qi cultivators whispered to each other.

Shen Gongbao was too lazy to pay them any mind. At this moment, he only wanted to see one man. He pressed on without stopping. Many Immortals greeted him along the way, but he ignored them.

In the center of an immortal temple surrounded by wisps of immortal aura, a Daoist with a colorful ring of light flashing behind his head was lecturing. His loud voice echoed through and out the temple, shaking the surrounding buildings.

Many futons were placed around the Daoist, on which sat many experts. Their postures were different, but they were all quietly listening to the Daoist's lecture.

The natives of the island, including Patriarch Penglai, were listening to the lecture with rapture. Behind the Patriarch sat Yu Ge, who was clad in a blue robe. From time to time, he scratched his ears and cheeks as if the lecture had frustrated him.

For some reason he did not know, he could not focus on listening to what the Daoist was lecturing about cultivation. This was in sharp contrast to the people around him. As he listened, he kept thinking of Bu Fang's Egg-Fried Rice that he had tasted when they first met.

The food had distracted him, making it impossible for him to listen to the lecture the almighty expert was delivering. The lofty Daoist before them was an almighty expert, an existence even their Patriarch was afraid of. Yu Ge could clearly sense the terrifying aura emanating from him.

Suddenly, the Daoist stopped lecturing. He opened his eyes, which were filled with tranquility. Four swords were hovering behind him—one blue, one red, one white, and one black. Each sword contained an astounding power, and anyone who tried to perceive them would feel that they were surrounded by deadly sword energy.

A commotion broke out in the temple as all the people opened their eyes and looked at the entrance. There, they saw a naked figure rush through the door, riding on a black panther.

“Sect Leader!”

A loud cry echoed in the temple. Shen Gongbao landed, took a robe, and wrapped it around his naked body. Then, looking at the Daoist before him, he began to cry and tell the almighty expert of his encounter with Bu Fang.

After listening to him, all the people in the temple were furious.

“This is ridiculous! How dare that evil man kill our Immortals!”

“The Immortal Sword's clone represents the Sect Leader... How could that evil man destroy it? Kill him!”

“He had killed our Immortals and destroyed the Immortal Sword's clone... Is this evil man trying to fight us?!”

The many Immortals in the temple were furious. Many of the Heaven Immortals and even Immortal Kings were glaring with rage. However, after a moment of commotion, all the Immortals rested their eyes on the Daoist.

The Daoist was as calm as still waters. His state of mind made many Immortals ashamed of themselves.

“It doesn’t matter... A mere evil man will not affect us. However, the Divine Artifact he had acquired is crucial to us. We cannot let him get away with it. The Four Heavenly Kings, you will bring me the head of this evil man,” the Daoist said indifferently.

Four Divine Generals clad in armor stepped out among the Immortals. They looked different, but all were fierce and vicious.

“Please rest assured, my lord. Those who offend us or insult the Immortals will be hunted down and killed by us!”

The aura of the four men was very strong, and their voices were loud. As soon as they spoke, they caused the air in the temple to explode like thunder.

The Daoist nodded. After that, the four Heavenly Kings stepped on immortal clouds and sped away.

Down below, Yu Ge was already freaking out. ‘Not good! The four Heavenly Kings are peak Heaven Immortals, and each of them is just one step away from becoming an Immortal King! When they joined forces, they could even slay an Immortal King! Senior is in trouble this time!’

Yu Ge’s heart was filled with worry. He glanced at Patriarch Penglai, who was still immersed in the lecture, then sneakily left the temple.

With an indifferent look, the Daoist said, “Four Divine Artifacts are born on the Ancestral Planet. It is a rare opportunity, and we must seize it.” His half-closed eyes gleamed sharply.

In addition to Penglai Island, many Immortals had descended at various blessed lands of Hua, and they would eventually meet and clash!

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Chief Luo was wearing a pair of black-framed glasses, which added an intellectual touch to his tough appearance.

“Senior, we’ve searched the entire world according to your description, and we have now narrowed down to four areas,” he said to Bu Fang, who was beside him. “These four areas are places where major fighting has just taken place or is taking place. We’ve sent fighter jets to explore them, so we’ll have news back soon.”

Bu Fang nodded, leaning his back against the chair and watching quietly. Not long after that, images began to appear across the huge screen.

In the first image was a barren land. It was a desert, but a layer of its sand seemed to have been scraped away, and the sand and gravel on the surface were all melted.

“Where is this?” Bu Fang asked.

“This is a desert in Xinjiang,” Chief Luo answered.

The screen flickered and showed them the second image. It was a huge, choppy lake, with a giant fish floating in it, its belly facing the sky.

“Where is this?” Bu Fang asked again.

“This is a great lake in Siberia...” Chief Luo’s face grew more and more unsightly. He could not understand why the images the fighter jets sent back were so horrible.

Suddenly, the image changed again. Upon looking at the third image, Bu Fang straightened in the chair, and his eyes grew sharp.

It was the top of a snowy mountain. A snowstorm was howling, and a graceful figure could be seen standing at the peak. Beside her was a stove, and her hand rested on it.

“Enlarge the image,” Bu Fang said.

Chief Luo shuddered. ‘Have we found her?’

The camera on the fighter jet focused, and the image on the screen became clearer. What appeared on the huge screen was a stunningly beautiful face. Her skin was fair and delicate, her red lips glossy, and when she blinked, her long eyelashes fluttered.

“She’s so beautiful...”

All the people in the control room could not help but cry out in amazement.

“I didn’t ask you to look at the girl. Look at the stove...”

Bu Fang’s voice rang out once again, interrupting Chief Luo. He hastily worked on the computer, and then the image became much clearer. It was a white stove with a divine light swirling over it.

“That is... That is one of the Divine Artifacts found in the four spiritual energy sealing points! The Divine Stove!” Chief Luo cried out in surprise.

Suddenly, Nethery, who had her hand rested on the stove, seemed to sense the camera that was filming her. She raised her emotionless eyes and rested them on the fighter jet. The look in her eyes made all the people before the screen suffocate.

With a boom, the fighter jet exploded, and the screen went black. Chief Luo’s forehead was covered with sweat. The moment he saw the girl’s eyes, he felt as if he was about to die. She was too horrible!

“Where is that place?” Bu Fang got up from the chair, getting ready to move out.

“There... That is... the Roof of the World.” The corner of Chief Luo’s mouth twitched.

“Oh?” Bu Fang glanced at Chief Luo. ‘The Roof of the World? The tallest mountain in the world? Why did Nethery go there? And why is the stove with her?’ He was puzzled. Most importantly, before the screen went black, he saw many people around her. ‘Those people seem to be... attacking her? Are they serious? Attacking Nethery?’

Nethery had acquired the inheritance of the Cursed Goddess one generation before her, and she was so strong that she was not weaker than Bu Fang. Those people were no match for her, unless... Unless her strength and abilities were also restricted on Earth.

That was very likely the case. Bu Fang raised his head as if to look through the sky. He had a feeling that someone was watching all these from high up.

“Get ready to move out,” Bu Fang said.

Chief Luo’s face darkened a little. ‘That’s the Roof of the World... How could we go there in such a hurry?’

Bu Fang ignored them and walked out of the base. When he was outside, he glanced at the sky. Then, with a thought in his mind, he began to sense the White Tiger Heaven Stove’s location. A few moments later, he kicked the ground. A boom rang out as he rose into the sky like a cannonball, shooting toward the Roof of the World.

After Bu Fang left, the people of the State Supernatural Agency came out hastily to prepare all kinds of equipment. When they were ready, helicopters and fighter jets took off, all flying in the same direction where Bu Fang had gone to.

Chief Luo had a feeling that a major event was about to happen, which could cause a clash between Immortals and Gods of different countries. The fight for the Divine Artifacts was fierce, he knew, as even the mysterious church of the West had made their moves.

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Not long after Bu Fang and the others left, auspicious clouds rolled over in the sky. Thunderclaps echoed out of the clouds, and four figures could be seen looming in them: one held a pipa<sup>1</sup>, one held a green sword, one had a spotted ermine in his arms, and the last one held a rainbow umbrella.

The moment the four Immortals appeared, heaven and earth seemed to dim a little.

“That evil man’s aura was here... But he is gone now!” said Mo Lishou, the Immortal who had a spotted ermine in his arms. The creature twitched its nose as if it was sniffing something, then it pointed in a direction.

“It doesn’t matter. We will definitely bring the Sect Leader the head he wants...” Mo Lihai said indifferently. He was the one with a Pipa.

The other two burst out laughing. They were the four Heavenly Kings of the Immortal Court in the Primitive Universe. An evil man was nothing to them—they could capture him easily. After all, they were all peak Heaven Immortals.

The next moment, stepping on the auspicious clouds and clad in thunderbolts, they sped toward the direction where Bu Fang had gone to.

It was as if a great invisible storm was brewing...

Bu Fang flew across the sky like a cannonball, filling the air with terrible sonic booms. He was too fast. It was only a few moments before the towering snowy mountain appeared before him.

He sensed Nethery's aura in an instant. Of course, in addition to her aura, he also sensed all kinds of auras. Bu Fang squinted as a cold gleam flashed through his eyes.

#### Chapter 1622: The Beleaguered Nethery

The Himalayas was crowned as the Roof of the World. Its highest peak, Mount Everest, thrust into the clouds and was usually hidden from naked eyes. It was not a place where ordinary people could go.

Clouds were rolling at the peak of Mount Everest. A snowstorm was blowing, and the whistling wind brought forth a chill that went deep in one's bones. It was a harsh environment. However, a graceful figure could be seen standing there.

She was clad in a long black dress, which seemed to be made of silk. As the wind blew, it waved gently. Her black hair was waving as well, brushing against her cheeks and veiling her stunningly beautiful face.

Standing on the mountaintop, Nethery's eyes were emotionless as she glanced around. She was at the highest peak, and that made her look like some supreme being looking down on those lesser creatures. Beside her was a white stove. It glowed with its own heat, melting the snowflakes that touched it.

Nethery turned her head slightly and glanced at the stove. She recognized it. After all, it belonged to Bu Fang—she had seen Bu Fang use it. This was the reason why she seized it, even though it was coveted by many experts.

Of course, seizing a stove was nothing to Nethery. Even though her curse power was completely suppressed, her flesh was extremely strong. The body of a half-step Heavengod was enough to crush everything in this world.

The snowstorm raged on. Snowflakes fell from the sky, turning the whole mountaintop white. However, figures could be seen looming amid the white veil. They were Gods and Immortals from different countries.

The Himalayas was the Roof of the World that separated Hua from many other countries. The White Tiger Heaven Stove was found in one of its mountains. It had attracted the attention of many Immortals and Gods, who crawled out of the black hole after the spiritual energy sealing point was broken.

Ting-a-ling!

Nethery turned and looked into the distance. Vague figures could be seen approaching through the snow in that direction. They were monks clad in red robes, with yellow kasayas draped around their shoulders and large half-moon hats on their heads. It was a very strange style of clothing.

They trudged through the snow, and some people were holding large umbrellas for them. The air was filled with the chanting of some Buddhist scriptures. Clearly, these people came from one power.

Nethery turned her head to another side, her eyes growing colder. In that direction, another group of people was observing the situation. They were dark-skinned and naked from the waist up. Their faces were colorfully painted, and their necks were adorned with gold and silver jewelry. Their aura was very strong, thrusting into the sky in columns.

There were also figures riding on huge bears and figures who had arms growing out from their backs. In addition to these strange Gods, Hua's Immortals could be seen as well, standing in a group not far away. There was even a group of female Immortals perched on top of a distant mountain, fixing their eyes on Nethery.



None of these Gods and Immortals made a move. They were waiting for others to strike first. They all wanted to get the stove, but they did not want to be the common target for all. There was another reason that made them hesitate: the black-dressed girl was too fearsome.

She did not have magic power, but her fleshly body was extremely strong. None of them was able to determine the level of her strength.

“Amitabha. Dear benefactor, hand over the stove and leave the holy land... and you will not die,” said an old Lama in a scarlet robe and a yellow kasaya as he rested his eyes on Nethery. One of his arms was strung with many golden rings.

“Get lost,” Nethery said, her face expressionless. The wind was strong on the peak of Mount Everest, but she stood straight like a spear, unmoving.

Her powerful reply to the old Lama shocked those around him, while many strange Gods and Immortals narrowed their eyes and looked on gloatingly. Meanwhile, the Gods from India watched with cold eyes.

Four Divine Artifacts were found around the world. With a major change happening to Earth now, these artifacts definitely contained some great secrets. They thought that if they could acquire these Divine Artifacts, they might have a chance to glimpse at the ultimate Great Path. Therefore, they would not give up on getting the stove.

“Dear benefactor, you are too obstinate to be awakened. You will only find your salvation by becoming a Buddhist.” The old Lama sighed with a benevolent look on his face. The next moment, he nodded to the few Lamas around him.

The Lamas rolled up their kasayas. Looking at Nethery, they kicked the ground and soared into the sky. Spiritual energy erupted from them, turning into light beams, which were actually deadly energy beams. They interwove into a huge net, then fell to envelop Nethery.

One of Nethery’s hands rested on the stove. For her, the stove was not a good weapon because it was too heavy. She could barely lift it even with her physical strength.

Her brows furrowed slightly, and a ghostly green gleam flashed in her eyes. A vague green snake emerged around her, but very quickly, a mighty force pressed down on her, which seemed to come from the depths of the universe. Nethery’s face was expressionless as she thought, ‘Sure enough, my curse power is still being suppressed...’

The suppression made her feel bad. Of course, she could break it with all her might, but she had a feeling that once she did it, she would trigger a backlash from this world. There was something unusual about this planet—she could sense it.

Besides, she had learned about the four Divine Artifacts, and she knew they were Bu Fang's cooking utensils. That made her conclude that the planet must have something to do with Bu Fang's secrets. It was also the reason why she struck out and seized the stove from so many experts.

The few Lamas rose into the sky, chanting, while the energy net fell to envelop Nethery. They dared not get close to her because the strength of her flesh was too terrifying. Her fists were like evils, powerful enough to blow them apart with just a light touch.

So, they planned to keep a distance between them and attack her with pure energy. They were all Earth Immortals, and the energy net jointly created by them proved to be effective in suppressing her.

Nethery furrowed her brows. The monks' means frustrated her because she could not break the energy net with her fists. Suddenly, she stomped her feet, causing the whole mountaintop to explode, and then she threw out a punch. At this moment, her little fist became the focus of all.

Rumble!

The fist collided with the energy net. The powerful impact seemed to tear the net apart, proving that the punch was a powerful one. That shocked all the surrounding experts. Even then, these experts made their moves.

Shafts of light erupted from the back of an Indian God as he threw out thousands of palm strikes. For a moment, countless palms filled the sky, approaching Nethery. Not far from him, the giant bear opened its mouth, roared, and shot out an energy shell from between its jaws.

The wind howled, and the snowstorm seemed to blow harder.

The old Lama opened his eyes and flicked his arm. The golden rings strung on the arm shot out instantly, heading straight toward Nethery. At the same time, the female Immortals standing in the distant peak pinched their fingers. At the gesture, flower petals fell from the sky and turned into spinning sharp blades, ripping through the air as they closed in on Nethery.

At that moment, everyone was on the same page. Of all the four Divine Artifacts, the stove was the last one they could fight for. The black wok was taken away by the Church of the West, the kitchen knife was possessed by the Gods of the Pyramids, and the chef's robe was acquired by a mysterious Qi cultivator from Hua. That left them with the stove. Therefore, these Gods and Immortals would not give up easily.

A rumbling sound filled the air as countless energy blasts fell from the sky. Nethery looked up, her eyes cold and her black hair waving violently in the wind. Then, she lifted her fist and threw out another punch. As all watched in shock, she actually fended off all the energy attacks with one punch!

Among the experts present, many were Heaven Immortals, including the Indian God, the old Lama, and the female Immortals on the distant peak. Their attacks had caused the sky to shatter.

A rapid popping sound rang out as countless lines appeared and spread across the ground under Nethery's feet. It was as though the whole mountaintop was about to crumble. Then, a loud rumble echoed out, and the top of the mountain began to shatter.

Snows broke and fell, turning into an avalanche. For a moment, a rumbling filled the air as if the whole world was falling apart. The people at the foot of the Himalayas all knelt on the ground with fear, bowing and chanting. "The Gods are fighting on the Holy Mountain!" The battle between the Gods and the Immortals terrified them.

Nethery's face was cold. She clutched the White Tiger Heaven Stove with one hand, then used the other to fend off the attack from those experts. Under her feet, the snows turned into a huge whirlpool, rumbling.

The sight shocked many people. "Where did this girl come from? How could her fleshly body be so absurdly strong?!"

"Dear benefactor... Take a step back and get some clarity on the situation. You have no use of the stove. Why don't you offer it to the Buddha and give us the opportunity..." said the old Lama. Whenever his golden rings fell, they struck Nethery and made her body rumble.

Nethery glared at the old Lama. "Shut up! You know nothing! I can trade this stove for food! Can your opportunity be eaten?!" she said.

The old Lama's eyes turned cold. "What nonsense are you talking about? You are too obstinate to be awakened. You can never fight against so many Gods with the mere body of a mortal. What a fool!"

He gave a loud, long cry, then golden light began to spread from his palms. Suddenly, he clasped them together and rubbed them against each other. A few moments later, a huge golden staff fell from the sky. Many golden rings were fastened to it, and they rang loudly as a holy aura erupted from the staff.

"This is the Buddha's Divine Artifact, and I will use it to suppress you, evil girl!" the old Lama said coldly.

Many experts sucked in their breaths. The Indian God shuddered with fear, while the few female Immortals fell silent.

The staff glowed as it fell from the sky, approaching Nethery. It was the old Lama's treasure, the Divine Artifact used by the Lord Buddha, and it contained power strong enough to suppress the skies.

The old Lama was confident that the staff would be able to defeat the evil girl. By unleashing it, he was also telling the others that he was determined to acquire the stove. And sure enough, it had frightened many Gods and Immortals.

The ground under Nethery's feet caved in, and the snow turned into another avalanche. In just the blink of an eye, the topmost layer of the mountain was gone. Snowflakes swirled around her, forming a huge whirlpool of snow and trapping her. For a moment, she seemed to be completely swallowed.

Despite the seemingly critical situation, Nethery still showed no fear. Suddenly, she paused, then turned her head and looked at the sky. She heard a whistling sound approaching from that direction!

A strange God riding on a huge bear roared and soared into the sky. "Who goes there?! How could you not follow the rules!" he growled as his body began to glow.

Four Lamas put their palms together and flew into the sky as well, trying to stop the figure who came to intervene in their business.

A figure was closing in at great speed from the horizon. It did not walk on air nor ride on clouds, but was flying straight toward them like a cannonball. Everyone's expression changed drastically when they heard the terrible sonic booms.

The giant bear thumped its chest and roared.

The corners of Nethery's mouth twitched slightly as she looked at the approaching figure.

A rumbling sound echoed out as the strange God standing on the giant bear's shoulders collided with the figure. A blinding light broke out in the sky, and then the strange God exploded into a cloud of blood mist, while the giant bear was thrown to the ground, sinking deep into the snow.

The four Lamas tried to block the figure, but in just a flash, they were flying backward, coughing blood. Then, a blast swept past them, crushing their lower bodies in an instant.

The air was filled with a terrifying aura that made everyone suffocate.

In just a flash, the figure landed at Nethery's side. The howling snowstorm seemed to freeze at this moment as the figure slowly raised his head, revealing an expressionless face.

## Chapter 1623: Bu Fang Scares the Old Lama to Death!

While the helicopters were struggling to climb up the higher altitude, the fighter jets zoomed past them. Sitting in one of the jets, Chief Luo and Xiao Ai widened their eyes, and they gasped as they watched Bu Fang plunge straight down on the highest peak of the world like a cannonball.

The scene on the mountaintop was horrible, and it sent a shudder of fear through them. They saw a grizzly bear as huge as a hill and a strange God standing on its shoulder, glowing. However, as soon as Bu Fang landed, he blew the God apart and threw the bear into the snow.

The God was blown apart before he could even shriek. What great strength would it take to do that?

"Senior is so... domineering!" Xiao Ai clenched her fists, her eyes gleaming. She thought what happened before them was beautiful. A black-haired, black-dressed girl was attacked by many evil people, and just as she was losing all hope, a man descended like a God riding on an auspicious cloud and killed one of the evil guys!

She bet that Bu Fang's domineering demeanor would dazzle all girls in the world! At the thought of that, her eyes got big, and she quickly pulled out a video camera.

"What are you doing?" Chief Luo gave Xiao Ai a puzzled look.

"I want to record everything about Senior! From now on, I'm his number one fan!" Xiao Ai said, holding her chin high.

Chief Luo rolled his eyes, but he did not stop her. The world had changed. The emergence of various Gods and Immortals had already made the people aware of the existence of superhumans in the world. So, it did not matter if this was recorded. In fact, the recording might be able to set off a cultivating craze among mortals, which he thought was a good thing.

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Bu Fang landed, raised his head, glanced around. The raging avalanche seemed to stop the moment he arrived, and the atmosphere froze.

As Nethery looked at the familiar figure before her, the corners of her mouth curled upward slightly. 'He's finally here... I knew it was right to guard the White Tiger Heaven Stove. He will come to look for it eventually.' She pursed her lips.

The surrounding snowflakes halted in midair as if they were all held by an invisible hand.

"Who is this man?!" The old Lama glared with a look of doubt flashing in his eyes.

The few female Immortals hovering in midair far away looked puzzled, while many strange Gods narrowed their eyes. They were waiting for the right time to strike, and they never expected that a stranger would come and interfere with their plans. Could he be the girl's rescuer?

"Are you here to save her? This stove belongs to the Zen School of Buddhism. No one can stop us from retrieving it!" the old Lama said coldly.

The halted snowstorm began to howl again, and the avalanche rumbled down to swallow Bu Fang. Boulders cracked and shattered as the snow struck them, while cascades of snow stacked up as they swept down toward Nethery and Bu Fang.

Expressionless, Bu Fang looked up and glanced at the surrounding snow. Then, he simply ignored the terrible avalanche and turned to Nethery. “You’ve been waiting for a long time, haven’t you?” he asked.

Nethery nodded, lifted her hand, and slapped the White Tiger Heaven Stove. The stove immediately flew toward Bu Fang. “I can finally return this thing to its rightful owner.” She did not lower her voice, so everyone around them heard what she said.

“He’s the rightful owner? Are you kidding me? This stove is mine!” the old Lama growled as his eyes burst into a bright light.

Ting-a-ling!

The golden staff spun in the sky and plunged straight down. Nethery had been its target, but this time, it went for the stove instead.

Dong!

A loud noise rang out. The staff struck the stove as it flew toward Bu Fang, causing it to smash into the ground. The whole mountain shook violently, and the avalanche came rumbling down, burying both the stove and the staff under heavy snows.

Nethery leaped and walked over the falling snow, her long hair and long dress waving messily as she fixed her eyes on Bu Fang. The next moment, a huge pile of snow came crashing down, and in just the blink of an eye, it completely engulfed Bu Fang.

That gave everyone pause. They never expected that things would turn out this way. Chief Luo and Xiao Ai, sitting in the fighter jet roaring back and forth in the sky, were struck dumb as well. “Senior... Senior is engulfed by the avalanche?”

The old Lama’s face was cold, his long beard and long eyebrows waving in the wind. Suddenly, his pupils constricted. He saw a silver light break out through the white snow. It was a wisp of flame,

and as soon as it appeared, the snow began to melt and evaporate at a rate visible to the naked eye, rising into the sky in wisps of hot steam.

All the people sucked in their breaths as they looked at the pile of snow. The young man appeared once again, and a silver flame was wheeling around him like a silver lotus, melting and evaporating the surrounding snow with each rotation. The rising steam twisted the void around him, making him look like a transcendent being.

Soon, all the snow around Bu Fang evaporated, exposing what was hiding under them, the rocky mountaintop. That shocked everyone. The snow on the Roof of the World was evaporated with just a thought? What kind of means was that?

“Acting all mysterious! You will die!”

The old Lama was quite murderous. Without saying another word, he leaped into the air and threw out his palm. The golden rings on his arms rushed forward and collided with each other, filling the air with a noisy clanging sound. Then, a golden palm suddenly emerged in the sky, which looked like a palm strike thrown down by the Buddha.

The few female Immortals hovering in the distance looked shocked.

“What a powerful palm! It is almost as strong as the full-force blow of a Heaven Immortal!”

“He truly is an expert from the Zen School... So strong!”

“The Queen Mother warned us of those from the Zen School... She is right!”

As the female Immortals whispered to each other, Bu Fang looked up at the palm, his face expressionless. ‘The full-force blow of a Heaven Immortal?’ The corner of his mouth twitched in disdain.

Facing the palm, Bu Fang lifted his Taotie Arm, gave it a shake, then threw out a punch. A rumble rang out like thunder. It was as though the skies were falling. Without any fancy moves, the fist with pure physical force collided with the old Lama’s palm.



A close match that the crowd imagined did not appear. For a moment, all the people were gasping in disbelief. The scene before their eyes was completely beyond their expectation.

The young man was unscathed. He had taken the old Lama's palm strike, and yet his feet did not even move. He was still locked in the same posture, with his fist pointing at the sky.

On the other hand, the old Lama's expression changed drastically, and his face turned pale as a sheet in an instant. The spiritual energy in him seemed to have exhausted completely. The huge golden palm in the sky was crumbling, and he was knocked flying backward by Bu Fang's punch. Even all his golden rings had broken into pieces.

The sound of bone breaking could be heard when the old Lama crashed onto the ground with both legs sunk deep into the earth. From a distance, it looked like he was on his knees.

All the people present were stunned, including the strange Gods, Immortals, the female Immortals, and countless Lamas. Chief Luo and Xiao Ai, sitting in the fighter jet, gasped.

The eminent Lama of the Zen School was defeated by Bu Fang with just one punch! How was that even possible?!

"My lord!"

Roaring and hissing, the other Lamas dashed forward. Their auras towered into the sky and joined together, while they mounted on the shoulders of those in front of them and turned into a huge Zen Buddha. Even as it was formed, the Buddha pointed a finger at Bu Fang, and those Lamas who formed the Buddha pointed out their fingers as well.

This was a powerful formation of the Zen School. At this moment, they had to use it.

A little Lama ran up to the old Lama, trying to pull him up from the ground. However, the old Lama's head was bowed, and he felt extremely weak.

"Run... Quickly..." the old Lama coughed and said weakly, glancing at the little Lama. The pride in his eyes was gone, and all that was left in them was... fear. He could not believe that Bu Fang had destroyed his secret art with just one punch. That was one of the Zen School's strongest arts!

“Don’t worry, my lord! The Senior Brothers will definitely be able to subdue this evil man!” the little Lama said excitedly. However, as soon as his voice rang out...

He heard a loud noise, then a thousand shrieks that erupted at the same time. Jets of blood suddenly filled the sky, and those Lamas all flew backward in panic. Their arms with their fingers pointed out had all exploded into blood and gores.

Some blood spilled on the little Lama’s face, and he was stunned.

“How dare you bully my friend?” Like before, Bu Fang just threw out one punch. With some of his strength restored now, he was extremely fearsome. Glancing indifferently at the Lamas, who he had sent running away with his fist, he raised his hand.

At the gesture, the White Tiger Heaven Stove flew out from a pile of snow that had not melted. A staff was stuck on it. It was the Divine Artifact of the Zen School.

Bu Fang caught the stove with one hand. He looked at the staff, then grabbed it and pulled it out. Under the control of his divine sense, a silver fire lotus slowly drifted out, landed on the staff, and climbed up along its straight shaft. Gradually, the golden staff began to melt. The mighty power in it tried to struggle, but it was suppressed by him.

The old Lama, with both his legs sunk deep into the ground, stared fixedly at Bu Fang and the melting staff. “You... You...” He pointed a finger at Bu Fang as blood gushed out of his mouth. Then, he fell limply to the ground, losing all signs of life.

The color drained from the faces of all the other Lamas in an instant.

“He’s so strong!”

The female Immortals were shocked, speechless. They could not believe a man could be so violent and domineering until... he scared the Venerable Lama of the Zen School to death.

Nethery landed at Bu Fang’s side as he shook his hand. The liquid that the staff had melted into sprinkled on the ground, causing the snow to evaporate with a sizzling sound.

After briefly inspecting the White Tiger Heaven Stove, Bu Fang frowned. Sure enough, the stove's Artifact Spirit was gone. He must have taken human form like the Vermilion Bird and left.

"Nethery, do you know where the egg placed before the stove is?" he asked.

Nethery paused, then she shook her head. "I don't know. I snatched this stove from a monk after killing him with one punch," she said, her face expressionless. "Bu Fang, I'm hungry."

Bu Fang felt his head ache a little. 'Where did that egocentric White Tiger go?' he thought to himself. To Nethery, he said, "Alright... I'll cook something for you once I've settled the trouble."

In the fighter jet hovering in the sky, Chief Luo sucked in a cold breath. 'Senior is so domineering! Senior is invincible!' Suddenly, he heard the pilot let out a horrified cry. That gave him pause. He turned his head and immediately saw a fierce face outside the window. It was a burly man with a pipa in hand.

The man opened his mouth and roared, "You cannot escape from us, evil man! Stop resisting and let us take your head!" His voice echoed out and rumbled in the sky. For a moment, the whole Himalayas shook violently.

Meanwhile, four glowing figures standing on four auspicious clouds emerged in four corners of the sky. The four ferocious Immortals—Mo Lihai, Mo Liqing, Mo Lihong, and Mo Lishou—had arrived!

An astounding immortal aura surged and filled the area, while monstrous waves of killing intent rushed toward Bu Fang, causing the snowstorm to fall silent!

Chapter 1624: I Spin, I Jump, I Closed My Eyes

"What... What is that?!"

Chief Luo's forehead was covered with cold sweat. It never occurred to him that someone would appear outside the fighter jet. The fierce-faced man was clad in armor and surrounded by an immortal aura. Chief Luo found him familiar. As someone very knowledgeable, it did not take long for him to recognize the stranger.

“He’s one of the Four Heavenly Kings, the Divine General of the Celestial Court in the legends!” Chief Luo sucked in a cold breath.

Xiao Ai was dumbstruck. “The Four Heavenly Kings? Do they really exist?”

“Yes, and it looks like they are here for Senior... Senior is in danger!” Chief Luo sighed and said.

Unlike Shen Gongbao, the Four Heavenly Kings were the true Guardians of the Celestial Court, each with unparalleled fighting prowess. In the myths, their strength was extremely terrifying. The presence of such existences was enough to awe all.

On the peak of Mount Everest, Bu Fang looked up at the four existences. Each of them occupied a corner in the sky. They looked different, but their faces were fierce. They were glaring at him as if they wanted to kill him with just their gazes. One of them held a pipa, one held a sword, one had a spotted ermine in his arms, and the last one held an umbrella with strings of pearls.

The whole mountaintop was locked down by a terrible aura. Meanwhile, the female Immortals were gasping in the distance.

“They are the Four Heavenly Kings! The four invincible existences in the Primitive Universe! Each of them is a peak Heaven Immortal, and when they join forces, they can even slay an Immortal King!” As the Immortals of Kunlun, they naturally knew about the Four Heavenly Kings.

“The Queen Mother said that many experts in the Primitive Universe had returned to the Ancestral Planet as well... Now it looks like it’s true!” The female Immortals exchanged glances and saw the shock in each other’s eyes.

Their status was not as lofty as the Four Heavenly Kings. After all, they were just someone who the Queen Mother of the West sent to look for the Divine Artifacts.

Although the Ancestral Planet was recovering, those true Gods and Immortals had not dared to make their moves yet. There seemed to be some kind of restriction. Therefore, lesser Gods and Immortals like them had the chance to do something.

Under such circumstances, the Four Heavenly Kings were strong enough to represent the current top fighting force on Earth.

The surrounding strange Gods and Immortals narrowed their eyes, while the Indian God was shaking in a corner. "I can't believe the Divine Artifact would cause such a fight! Oh my Mighty God, it's time for you to show up and teach them a lesson!"

He was only a lesser God, so no one was paying him attention. Kneeling on the ground, he pulled out a dagger from his hip, then used it to cut his palm.

Bu Fang and Nethery were looking up at the Four Heavenly Kings. The wretched Lamas, on the other hand, were growling, hoping that the four Immortals would avenge their Venerable Lama.

Despite their noble status, the Heavenly Kings nodded at the female Immortals of Kunlun, and the latter hurriedly nodded their heads in response. After that, they exchanged a glance and were ready to attack. The Sect Leader had ordered them to bring back the evil man's head, so they had to complete the task perfectly.

"Let's do this," said Mo Lihai, who had the pipa. Then, he took a step forward, and his body began to expand. Before very long, he turned into a giant of ten thousand feet tall, looking like a supreme being. With the pipa in his hand, he glared at Bu Fang and bellowed, "Die now, evil man!" His voice echoed out, causing a few mountains to explode.

With an expressionless face and his head thrown back, Bu Fang looked at Mo Lihai. In the face of the ten-thousand-foot-high Immortal, he was as tiny as an ant.

Nethery cocked her head to one side, narrowed her eyes, rubbed her fist, and leaned forward ever so slightly. She looked as if she was going to make a move.

"It's alright. Let me handle this," Bu Fang said, reaching out a hand to stop her.

"Oh." Nethery sighed with regret.

That made the corner of Bu Fang's mouth twitch. 'What does the look of regret on her face mean?' In any case, he did not need her help. He planned to finish the battle as quickly as possible because he needed to look for the stove's Artifact Spirit. With the White Tiger's bad temper, he had a feeling that the fellow would cause a lot of trouble.

Mo Lihai straightened his back and took a step forward, staring at Bu Fang with his gleaming eyes. The next moment, his fingers plucked on the pipa. A five-colored sound wave spread out from the strings, heading toward Bu Fang.

As the sound of the pipa echoed out, the surrounding mountains began to shake. The snow shivered with a specific rhythm, then exploded. The air was filled with a terrible rumbling sound, while snowflakes kept falling from the sky.

“You will die today, evil man!” Mo Lihai bellowed.

The other three Heavenly Kings watched with faint smiles on their faces. They looked confident. They could not sense Bu Fang’s aura, but since he could scare off Shen Gongbao, he might be a Heaven Immortal. However, they had no fear—they knew Mo Lihai would succeed.

Together, they turned into giants of ten thousand feet tall as well, each holding his Divine Artifact while glaring down at Bu Fang. They were building up the momentum for Mo Lihai, intending to make the evil man kneel with their pressure.

In fact, the Four Heavenly Kings were very famous in the Primitive Universe. When dealing with demons and evil beings, they did not even need to make a move. Many a time, an angry stare was all it took to subdue their foes.

The sound wave spread toward Bu Fang. He raised his eyebrows, feeling that his body seemed to have twisted slightly. It surprised him—the means of these figures in the myths were indeed magical. However, the effect of the sound wave on him was negligible.

He signaled Nethery to take a step back. Then, he stomped his feet on the ground and shot into the sky like a stream of light.

“How dare you resist...” Sneering, Mo Lihai plucked on the pipa again, pointing the sound wave in Bu Fang’s direction. The melodious sound of pipa filled the air, and the sound wave twisted everything as it went toward Bu Fang to rip him into pieces.

The next moment, however, Mo Lihai frowned. He found that the sound wave did nothing to Bu Fang when it swept past his body. “This...”

With a thud, Bu Fang fell on the pipa, looking as if he was hanging upside down on it. He glanced at the musical instrument, which was made with a very special and magical material. “Do you think you’re the only one who knows how to play the pipa? I can do it, too.” He took a step forward and landed on the string.

Mo Lihai flew into a rage, and he kept plucking on the strings with his fingers, trying to pinch Bu Fang to death.

However, Bu Fang was spinning and jumping on the strings with his eyes closed. The pipa played all kinds of tones with every step he took, causing messy sound waves to spread out.

Mo Lihai’s face darkened. Suddenly, the pipa’s strings broke one by one. It made him boil with rage. “Damn you!”

Bu Fang stopped dancing and opened his eyes. His gaze was as sharp as a knife. Then, he viciously stomped on the pipa with his foot. A loud noise rang out, and the instrument burst apart.

The other three Heavenly Kings could no longer watch. Their figures flickered, and they all charged toward Bu Fang. For a moment, four top Heaven Immortals struck out at the same time, causing a storm to break out in the Himalayas. It was only now that their battle looked like the fight between Immortals.

‘Heaven Immortals?’ Bu Fang smiled with disdain. The green sword closed in on him. He flicked his finger and shattered it. The umbrella with strings of pearls spun, unleashing beams of powerful divine light. However, none of them could hurt him when they struck his body.

“His body is so strong!” The Four Heavenly Kings were shocked.

“Let me do it!” Mo Lishou cried out. The next moment, the spotted ermine bolted out of his arms and grew so huge that it blotted out the sky. Then, the beast opened its mouth and roared. Its eyes were red, and it looked extremely savage.

“Oh... What a nice ermine.” Bu Fang’s eyes lit up. It seemed to him that the Four Heavenly Kings were not completely useless. At least, they kept a good ingredient. The ermine’s back was spotted, its hair silky smooth, and it looked quite fearsome. It was a rare divine beast.

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth curled upward. Then, he picked up Foxy from his shoulder and flung her at the ermine. "Foxy, I'll let you handle this giant ermine," he said mildly.

Foxy's tail swung from side to side, and she still looked somewhat confused.

A hint of disdain flashed through the ermine's eyes when it saw a little fox flying toward it. It opened its mouth and roared once again. A terrible airwave rushed out from between its jaws as if it was going to devour the little fox in one gulp. It could not believe that an ant-like spirit beast like this would dare to challenge it.

Foxy's fur fluttered backward as the ermine roared at her. It infuriated her. Suddenly, the tails she had hidden began to emerge behind her. When all nine of them had appeared, her body immediately turned huge and her eyes went red.

In the blink of an eye, she had transformed into a nine-tailed fox. On top of that, a stream of blood was boiling in her body, which caused her fur to turn blood-red in a flash. It was the restless Heavengod's blood!

With a roar, she threw out a paw and slapped the ermine on the head. The ferocious ermine cringed in an instant, and then it was pressed on the void by Foxy, who kept slapping it with her paw.

Mo Lishou was stunned. His spotted ermine was subdued by a nine-tailed fox?

Bu Fang walked step by step up to the sky. He glanced at Foxy, who seemed like teaching a little kid a lesson, then turned his eyes to the Four Heavenly Kings. "Don't destroy it. Keep it as a food ingredient," he said lightly.

Foxy's eyes lit up. At the thought of food, her mouth began to water.

Mo Lishou was so angry that he felt he was about to explode. "My spotted ermine is a divine beast! How dare you take it as an ingredient?!" However, he was stunned the next moment when he saw the little fox bring the half-dead ermine to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang took the ermine, glanced at it for a while, then put it into the System's storage space. "It is a nice ingredient. Let's keep it for later use."



The Four Heavenly Kings flew into a rage. Never had they been so insulted.

The female Immortals of Kunlun in the distance were stunned. “It seems that... even the Four Heavenly Kings could not defeat this evil man!”

“Why don’t we join the fight? Queen Mother wants the stove. We can’t disappoint her...”

All the female Immortals nodded. Then, their immortal aura exploded out as they flew toward Bu Fang. As they drew nearer, they took out flower baskets, picked up beautiful flowers from the baskets, and sprinkled them at Bu Fang. The flowers exploded in midair, turned into petals with sharp edges, and began to spin.

The Four Heavenly Kings did not refuse the female Immortals’ help. They turned back to the size of a normal man, then each took a corner in the sky and formed an array.

Rumbling filled the air as a seal emerged in the sky. It was a magic seal condensed of immortal energies called the Heavenly King Seal. Together with the female Immortals’ attack, the seal went straight down to kill Bu Fang!

“Anu Mala Dora Hee...” As a strange God chanted, a huge face suddenly emerged behind him, opened its mouth, and spat out a bolt of lightning, which shot straight toward Bu Fang.

At this moment, all the Gods present attacked with their own means!

The Indian God, who squatted in a corner and cut his palm with a dagger, had drawn an array on the ground with his blood. The next moment, the bloody array began to flash.

“The Great God Garuda! Come out now!” The Indian God looked feverish as he knelt and bowed.

As all the Gods and Heaven Immortals made their moves, the peak of Mount Everest was instantly enveloped by countless divine lights.

Chief Luo and the others onboard the fighter jet were already stunned. They were superhumans, but they had never seen a battle so grand.

“Could Senior... resist them?” Xiao Ai’s lips were shivering, and her hands holding the video camera were shaking.

Chief Luo did not know what to say. He had no answer to that question.

Looking at Bu Fang, who had become the target of all attacks, Nethery’s eyes gleamed brightly. ‘If these lesser Gods and Immortals could give him trouble, he would not be the Bu Fang I know!’ The corners of her mouth curled upward slightly.

Sure enough, in the next moment, a beam of mighty aura erupted out of Bu Fang and thrust into the sky. He had unreservedly unleashed his aura, which kept climbing. In just a flash, it had reached an extremely terrifying level!

At this moment, Bu Fang seemed to have become the focus of the world. He lifted a hand. Divine energy swirled around it, making it shine like crystal. In the face of so many attacks, he threw out just one palm. No matter how many attacks were coming at him, he would counter them with just one palm!

The Four Heavenly Kings glared, the female Immortals shouted, while the strange Gods and Immortals attacked with their divine powers. If this scene were broadcast, the world would be shocked!

The next moment, however, these attacks were gently swiped by a huge palm condensed of energy, and then they all vanished like they had never appeared before.

With just one move, Bu Fang had killed all his foes instantly.

Chapter 1625: The Great God Garuda!

All the foes were wiped out with just one move. The world fell silent. Only the whistle of the snowstorm and the rumble of the fighter jet in the sky could be heard.

The people onboard the fighter jet were frozen, unmoving as if their throats were held by someone. It was not that they did not want to move, but they forgot how to move.

“What happened? What the hell happened just now? Where are all the Gods and Immortals? Where are the Four Heavenly Kings and the female Immortals of Kunlun?” Chief Luo was dumbstruck, and the walkie-talkie in his hand fell to the floor with a clunk.

Xiao Ai’s eyes got big. Her fingers were pale as she held the video camera too tightly. “Senior... You’re f\*cking... awesome!”

No one expected it to end like this. Just when everyone was worried for Bu Fang, he lightly threw out a palm as if he was merely wiping the sky with a square of cloth, and all the Gods and Immortals—including the Four Heavenly Kings—were wiped out.

He was so strong that it took everyone’s breath away, and he was so fast that no one could react. ‘They are the Four Heavenly Kings, the Divine Guardians of the Celestial Court! Can’t you at least show them some respect by fighting them a little longer?’

The corner of Xiao Ai’s mouth twitched. The next moment, she thought of something, and she quickly looked down at the video camera in her hand. ‘Reverse! Reverse! I need to find out what happened just now...

‘However, after viewing the footage, Xiao Ai froze for a very long time.

...

The snowstorm raged on. The Lamas lying on the ground were dumbstruck. Looking at the empty sky, they felt as though their souls had been carried away by the palm strike.”Is he a... human being?”

Nethery thought that was nothing, though. With Bu Fang’s strength, what he did was perfectly normal.

“The Great God Garuda! Come out now—” The Indian God was only halfway through the words he wanted to say when his eyes got big, and he started coughing as if his throat was held by a big hand. What happened was too scary.

“I... The Great God Garuda, you’d better go back...” At this moment, the Indian God felt like crying. However, the array was already activated. On top of that, he had shed so much blood that he did not want to give up just like that.

So, the array began to flash. A light beam thrust out of it, connected to the sky, and ripped the void apart.

With his hands clasped behind him and his eyes closed, Bu Fang stood in midair. He seemed to have thrown out the palm with ease just now, but in fact, it was the effect of him using the divine power.

The invisible suppression still existed on Earth. The return of the Vermilion had restored some of his strength, but he still could not use the Power of Law. There were three thousand Laws in the Chaotic Universe, but on Earth, Bu Fang could feel that the power system was different.

Heaven Immortals were equivalent to Gods in the Chaotic Universe, and for Bu Fang, killing Gods with a palm strike was something perfectly normal.

He opened his eyes. The look in them was calm. After all, he had seen great storms—he had witnessed countless people killed or wounded when the Soul Demons invaded the Chaotic Universe. His experience had shaped the way he acted now.

Bu Fang opened his mouth and exhaled. Suddenly, he frowned, then turned to look at somewhere in the distance. There, he saw a spinning bloody array. A terrible aura seemed to be brewing inside, and he could hear a deafening rumble ringing out of it.

As Bu Fang moved his gaze over, the Indian God, who had just completed the drawing of the array, felt all strength leave his legs. Without hesitation, he turned and sped into the distance, ignoring the Great God that was about to crawl out of the array.

The Indian God was scared out of his wits by Bu Fang. The palm strike had wiped out so many Immortals who were much stronger than he. ‘My lord Garuda, I’m sorry!’ He felt very sad, and he was crying inside. However, he still ran away.

The array spun, and the void was ripped apart. It seemed that a large golden bird was emerging in the array. Garuda was an Indian God, a divine bird with golden wings that was immortal and could be reborn from fire. That made him somewhat similar to the phoenix of Hua.

Even as the void was ripped apart, commotions broke out in different places of Hua.

...

A furious roar echoed out of the Immortal Mountain of Kunlun, causing the skies to rumble with thunderclaps. The Earth had expanded, and as one of the blessed lands of Immortals, Kunlun had expanded to tens of thousands of miles wide. However, it was shaking at this moment, even though it was vast.

“I can’t believe my girls are all dead... Who killed them?! Who dares to kill the maids serving the Queen Mother of the West?!”

A cold, angry voice shook the entire Kunlun.

“The Immortals of Kunlun will hunt this evil girl to the end of the world!” bellowed the Queen Mother of the West. She had sent her maids to kill an evil girl and bring back the Divine Artifact. Now that they were dead, it must be related to that evil girl. Even if she was not the one who killed them, she must have something to do with their death!

...

The sound of the Great Path was ringing on the Immortal Island of Penglai, while wisps of immortal energy shimmered over the sea.

All of a sudden, sitting in the center of the immortal temple, the Daoist with a colorful ring of light behind his head stopped his lecturing. His eyes widened, and there was a faint irritation in them.

“The Four Heavenly Kings are... dead?! This evil man is too... unbridled!”

As soon as his voice rang out, all the people in the temple were shocked.

“How could that be? The Four Heavenly Kings are peak Heaven Immortals, and they could even kill an Immortal King with their Heavenly King Seal! How could someone in today’s Ancestral Planet kill them?”

“Does that evil man have the strength to kill them? That’s impossible!”

“The Four Heavenly Kings are the Divine Generals of the Celestial Court. Now that the Ancestral Planet has recovered, the Celestial Court is set to return. However, the Divine Generals had fallen at this moment. This is an ill omen!”

The Immortals in the temple whispered to each other. They looked astounded and incredulous, as the Four Heavenly Kings were considered the few strongest Immortals among them.

Shen Gongbao was among the crowd, and he looked glad. ‘Fortunately, I was quick to flee. Otherwise, the Sect Leader’s fury would have come from my death...’ he thought to himself.

The Daoist closed his eyes and was divining something with his fingers. There seemed to be an invisible force lingering around him. After that, he opened his eyes and said, his eyes flickering with a deep look, “Of the four Divine Artifacts, the evil man has acquired two. The fortune of the Ancestral Planet is gathered on this evil man... He will become the biggest trouble for us.”

Suddenly, an immortal cloud emerged under the Daoist, which carried him out of the temple and hovered in midair. Glancing at the horizon that stretched as far as the eye could see, he said, “The recovery of the Ancestral Planet has hastened. Immortal Kings can strike now. This evil man must be eliminated, and the Four Heavenly Kings must be avenged...”

The Daoist turned, looked at the Immortals down below, and asked, “Is there any Immortal King willing to catch this evil man for me?”

...

On the peak of Mount Everest, a sonorous bird cry rang out. A flame burned in midair, and a large golden bird flew out of it. As soon as it came out of the void, the bird transformed into a God, who had the head of a bird and the body of a man. Clad in golden feathered armor, he had golden rings all over him, which gave him a mystical air.

This was an Indian Great God, Garuda. After stepping out of the array, he glanced around and rested his eyes on Bu Fang. At this moment, only Bu Fang was confronting him. As for the fighter jet in the distance, he simply ignored it.

“Ali jili guly jiwa...” Garuda stepped forward and began talking, but Bu Fang could not understand him. After all, he was an Indian God. Realizing that, he used his divine sense instead of his voice to talk, and Bu Fang could understand him this time.

“Give me the Divine Artifact... I will spare your life...”

Garuda hovered in midair with golden flames burning around him. He was the God of India. As a Great God under Lord Shiva, his strength was extremely strong, comparable to that of Hua's Immortal Kings.

Even though he was now in Hua's territory, he had no fear. If he really met an Immortal King, he could always run away. Besides, he could not be killed. His regenerative ability made him extremely resilient.

Onboard the fighter jet, Chief Luo and others narrowed their eyes.

“That is Garuda, the God of India who represents immortality!” said Chief Luo. After witnessing Bu Fang's fearsome strength, he could finally keep his composure even in the face of such a mighty God.

“A bird? This Indian God knows nothing about Senior's habits...” Xiao Ai said in a relaxed and joyful mood.

In today's world where Gods and Immortals ruled, it was a relief to mortals that someone could punish Gods and Immortals like this. According to what they learned, the appearance of Gods and Immortals had brought about fundamental changes.

After all, no one knew if the Gods or Immortals who appeared were good or bad. There was a small country whose people were all slaughtered by the God they worshiped. Not all Gods were good.

“Senior's habits?” Chief Luo paused. What were Bu Fang's habits?

“A big bird is a... bird, isn't it? And Chief, don't you think this Garuda is very similar to the golden-winged roc from our myth? There's an old saying that the roc is transformed from the kun, and it's so huge that you will need two grills to cook it, one with special sauce and one with chili...” Xiao Ai said.

Dumbfounded, Chief Luo stared at Xiao Ai. He finally understood what she meant as he recalled that Mo Lishou's ermine was captured by Bu Fang and kept as a food ingredient. It looked like this big bird of India would have a sad ending as well.

Garuda held his head high. According to Hua's classification of Immortals, he was an Immortal King. Although he was just an ordinary one, he could already do whatever he liked on today's Earth. As this was his debut, he had to make it a grand show.

Bu Fang looked indifferently at Garuda. Then, he picked up the White Tiger Heaven Stove and said, "Is this what you're looking for?"

Garuda's eyes lit up instantly. "Yes! Now you know who you're talking to!" he said.

"Catch it..." Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. After that, he lightly pushed the stove toward Garuda.

The stove arced across the sky. Garuda raised his hands greedily. It was the Divine Artifact that all the Gods and Immortals around the world were fighting for. If he could seize it and bring it back, the Great God Brahma would definitely reward him with a supreme opportunity!

Suddenly, Garuda felt something amiss. The stove did not slow down as it closed in on him. With a rumble, he caught it, then his eyes widened in an instant as he felt a great force wash over him. The next instant, the stove smashed into his face.

He immediately transformed into a large golden bird burning with golden divine flames, flapped his wings, and soared into the sky.

"You're courting death!"

"Oh? A golden-winged roc?" Bu Fang suddenly appeared above Garuda. "No... I think you're a mixed-blood bird."

Garuda froze. He suddenly had a bad feeling. 'What is this Hua Immortal trying to do?'

A loud boom rang out as Bu Fang punched Garuda on the head. His divine power was flowing around his fist. This time, he did not pull his punch.



Garuda shrieked as the punch knocked him off the sky and threw him onto Mount Everest. The impact was so powerful that it reduced the mountain's height.

When the Indian God, who had climbed over the Himalayas, heard the shriek, he shuddered. "Dear Great God Garuda, take care..."

"Oh?" Bu Fang's eyes lit up as he watched Garuda soar into the sky again, bathed in flames. What did an immortal bird mean? It meant... an endless supply of ingredients!

The corners of Bu Fang's mouth twitched, and he threw out another punch. Garuda shrieked again, then he fell silent. A moment later, he soared into the sky once more, bathing in flames... For a moment, the air was filled with Garuda's shrieks.

A long time later, the weak Garuda was caught by Bu Fang and thrown into the System's storage space. From beginning to end, he was filled with only sadness.

'Dammit... I'm the Great God Garuda, an existence comparable to Hua's Immortal King! Why am I being captured by someone as an ingredient?! Where the hell did this devil come from? Lord Brahma... Save me!'

No matter how Garuda shouted, Bu Fang simply shoved him into the System's storage space.

The people onboard the fighter jet were speechless.

Down below, Bu Fang walked up to Nethery and sat down on the ground. Foxy was jumping up and down at his side. On the quiet peak of Mount Everest, he built a silver campfire. Then, he pulled out a golden bird wing, removed the feathers, and placed it over the flames.

Chief Luo, Xiao Ai, and even Garuda himself were dumbstruck.

Chapter 1626: Honeyed and Slightly Spicy Wings

The fighter jet rumbled. A robe fell out of it, and then Chief Luo, Xiao Ai, and others jumped out of the jet. Although their bodies were not as strong as Immortals who could survive a fall of ten thousand meters, they could withstand a fall from this height.

The Roof of the World was cold, but Chief Luo's special power was fire—whenever he used it, his head was ablaze. That was why he did not fear the chill. But Xiao Ai and the others had to wrap themselves in so many layers of military coats that they looked like balls.

They came up to Bu Fang. Xiao Ai was still holding the video camera. She planned to record the scene of Bu Fang cooking the golden-winged roc... no, the scene of him cooking Garuda. At the thought of that, her hands shook. She did not know whether it was because of cold or excitement.

'Garuda is the Great God of India! He is a supreme God! And yet, he is brutally beaten and captured by Senior as soon as he comes to Hua... Why do I find this exciting?'

When Xiao Ai and Chief Luo approached Bu Fang, he was preparing the Garuda wing for the grilling process. The silver divine flame was burning quietly. Its color was almost the same as the snow around it, which made it look very beautiful. As it burned, it gave off a scorching heat, expelling the chill in Xiao Ai and Chief Luo.

Bu Fang glanced at them and looked as if he was surprised by their courage. "Have a seat," he said.

Xiao Ai and Chief Luo quickly sat down, a little nervous. Bu Fang had been elevated to a fearsome being in their minds. After all, he had killed many Gods and Immortals with one slap and then turned Garuda into a food ingredient with just a few punches. They had never seen anyone so fierce.

"Senior... Are you really going to grill Garuda's wing?" Xiao Ai asked and swallowed.

Bu Fang paused, turned, and glanced at her. He grimaced when he saw that she was filming him with a camera. "Of course... Don't worry, Garuda has a very strong regenerative ability. We will have an endless supply of wings," he said.

Xiao Ai did not know whether to cry or laugh. That was not what she was worried about. She was afraid that Bu Fang would offend the Great God Brahma of India. A truly terrible being, this God was considered supreme even among the Immortals of Hua. However, she saw no worry on Bu Fang's face.

The camera's recording indicator was blinking. Xiao Ai stopped talking and took off her heavy padded coat. With the divine flame burning before her, she did not feel cold anymore. As she filmed, she turned the camera to Nethery.

'Is this the girl Senior has been looking for? She's so beautiful!' Xiao Ai exclaimed in her mind. She even felt a sense of inferiority rising from the depths of her heart. 'How could she be so pretty? She's more beautiful than the fairies in the Celestial Court!'

Nethery sat beside Bu Fang, hugging her fair legs. Her chin was rested on her knees, and her smooth long hair tumbled down and obscured half of her face. There was a hint of melancholy on the other half of her face, which looked fair and flawless. She was staring at the divine flame, and her black eyes reflected the dancing flame.

"Let's take it as the wing of a roc..." Bu Fang's voice rang out. He seemed in no mood to appreciate the beauty. At this moment, all his attention was focused on Garuda's wing.

"This Garuda is considered a mixed-blood roc. His magic power is good, though." While talking, Bu Fang skillfully plucked the golden plumage of the roc. He washed the naked wing with snow water, then found a branch and inserted it through the wing. After that, he moved closer to the campfire and began to grill it over the flame.

"Senior, can you tell us what we should pay attention to when grilling a roc wing?" Xiao Ai asked somewhat playfully.

Bu Fang gave her a sideways glance, but he did not reject her. "Grilling is all about controlling the heat. A roc wing is not much different from an ordinary chicken wing. At most, they are different in size," he said.

In the System's storage space, Garuda was dumbfounded.

"You need to watch the fire, as well as the changes in the wing's color. Of course, you cannot let it burn, as charred skin has a negative effect on the taste." As Bu Fang talked, he controlled the divine flame's temperature.

Before long, grease began to ooze out across the wing. It dripped slowly into the campfire, causing smoke to rise and the flame to burn brighter.

“How do you control the heat? I’ll tell you a secret technique of grilling wings, which is very useful. To determine if the temperature is right, you have to look at the changes in the meat. As for how to feel the changes, you can do this...”

Bu Fang reached out a hand, pinched his fingers on the part where the wing was grilled to the hottest, and removed a small piece of skin. Grease poured out of it, and a strong aroma spread.

“If your wing is grilled to this extent, it is almost done,” he said solemnly. After that, he stopped talking and began taking out many small bottles and jars. From these bottles, he sprinkled seasonings onto the wing.

Xiao Ai was dazzled by his skillful movements, and as she sniffed the aroma in the air, she was instantly intoxicated. It smelled too good. She had never smelled anything so delicious. For a moment, her appetite was whetted.

“The roc is a divine beast, so its meat contains an immortal aura. Once heated and grilled, the aura will mix with the fragrance of meat, and the aroma it gives off will be very strong. Of course, this requires skills. Otherwise, the aroma will not be released, and the meat will taste bad,” Bu Fang said.

Xiao Ai kept nodding, while Chief Luo was stunned. ‘Why does Senior know so much about grilled wings? And... he sounded like an expert. There can only be one answer, that is... he had grilled divine beasts before, and he had done it many times! Senior never disappoints us... He is an expert foodie!’

“The next step is to coat the wing with honey...” Bu Fang said, then took out a jar of honey from the System’s storage space. It was no ordinary honey, but honey produced by a kind of God-level bees. Golden in color, it emitted a sweet smell.

After taking off the lid, he dipped a brush in the honey and began to coat the golden brown roc wing with it. When the sticky, golden nectar was applied on the crispy skin, it seeped through the cracks, while the excess slowly flowed down the skin.

Xiao Ai’s mouth watered, while Foxy was jumping up and down impatiently, gasping. Nethery’s eyes lit up as she fixed them on the wing.

Bu Fang ended the coating of honey with a shake of the brush as if he was finishing a painting with the ink-splashing technique. The grilled wing emitted a hazy golden light, and wisps of hot steam rose from it, making it look like an exquisite artwork.

Bu Fang's appetite was whetted as well. After all, he had been working for a long time. "The honeyed roc wing is ready!" he said. He slightly emphasized the 'roc wing', and his voice sent a shudder through everyone.

The people around him took deep breaths and felt relief that the wing was finally ready. Their mouths were already flooded.

The roc wing was huge, and Bu Fang was not a stingy man. He cut some and gave them to Chief Luo and Xiao Ai. He only gave them some, for they could only eat so much with the condition of their bodies.

Garuda was not so strong, but he was, after all, one of the few top Gods of India. His flesh contained powerful spiritual energy, and because it was cooked by Bu Fang, none of the energy was lost.

Bu Fang handed the grilled wing to Nethery, then he pulled two more wings from Garuda in the System's storage space. The fellow was immortal, and with his incredible regenerative ability, he would have new wings in no time. So, he grilled two more wings, one for Foxy and one for himself.

When he was done cooking, the whole peak of Mount Everest was filled with the strong aroma of grilled wings. Bu Fang even tried different ways of grilling by adding cumin and chili.

Xiao Ai ate with relish. Soon, her mouth began to spit spiritual energy, her eyes gleaming. Her strength skyrocketed. After finishing the small piece of roc meat, she had become an A-class superhuman. That made her very happy. 'The food is delicious and can improve my strength... Is Senior a... God of Cooking?'

Chief Luo was surprised too when he found that he had become an S-class superhuman. He did not know what to say. It seemed that the benefit brought to him by the recovery of spiritual energy was not as good as a grilled wing.

They both ate some roc meat and could not eat anymore—they could not digest so much energy. If they forced themselves to eat more, they would get themselves killed. So, they could only watch with envious eyes as Bu Fang, Nethery, and Foxy devoured the grilled wings.

Having a good appetite was a blessing.

As she watched with envy, Xiao Ai uploaded the recordings to the Internet. The footage of Bu Fang grilling the roc wing needed to be shared with the world. She wanted to let more people feel the pain of being unable to eat something so delicious.

The signal on the peak of Mount Everest was weak, but Xiao Ai had the most advanced equipment, so she managed to upload the footage. As a computer expert, after the video was uploaded, she used some tricks to push it to the top. However, even if she did not do that, the video would have been pushed to the top by the Internet users.

That was because the footage was too... shocking. The first thing that appeared when the video was played was a group of Gods and Immortals hovering over the peak of Mount Everest. The strange-looking beings immediately drew shocked cries. Then, the climax came when Bu Fang was fighting the old Lama and melting the snow around him. But that was not the end. What happened next further excited the viewers.

The appearance of the Four Heavenly Kings, the attacks from the female Immortals of Kunlun, and the scene where all the strange Gods attacked at the same time took the Internet users' breaths away. And when they saw all the Gods and Immortals were killed by Bu Fang with just one slap, they were stunned, and their jaws dropped.

They were completely shocked! It was simply too... exciting! However, that was not the end of the footage.

As the video continued to play, Garuda, the Great God of India, appeared, but the big bird who everyone thought was an almighty expert was quickly captured as a food ingredient. The viewers did not know whether to cry or laugh. Then, when they saw Bu Fang begin to grill the roc wing, they were stunned.

The scene changed too fast, but they could not take their eyes away. Their faces were almost pressed on the screens, and they kept twitching their noses, sniffing. They thought they could smell the fragrance of the honeyed roc wing through the screens of their computers!

The footage ended when Xiao Ai had finished her roc meat, and the last image was a row of text: To be continued...

It left everyone dumbfounded, and the whole Internet seemed to be boiling. Was it a movie? Were those special effects? But they looked too real to be fake. Besides, now that Earth's spiritual energy had returned, everyone knew that Gods and Immortals were not fake.

“Dammit! This is f\*cking awesome! Who is that fearsome guy? I can't believe he killed the Four Heavenly Kings with just one slap!”

“I almost pissed myself watching it! This is too exciting! For some reason, I felt extremely happy when those lofty Gods and Immortals were killed with a slap!”

“What are you guys talking about? The most exciting part is the grilling of the roc wing! The highlight of the video is obviously the grilled wing... That Great God Garuda is such a poor thing...”

“Well, I've grilled myself a plate of chicken wings as per the Senior's instruction in the video, and they tasted great!”

The Internet users discussed the video heatedly. Meanwhile, Xiao Ai held the computer and sat in a corner, reading the comments with a silly smile on her face. She had decided that from today on, she would follow Bu Fang's heel and film him all the time!

Chief Luo glanced at her helplessly, then turned to Bu Fang, who just spat out the last bone. Bu Fang's appearance had shocked and surprised him. He thought an existence such as this might be beneficial to the peace of the country.

“Well, now that we have finished eating, I need you to help me look for another person.” Bu Fang spat the bone out on the ground, which sank into the snow, still steaming.

“Please tell me whom you are looking for, Senior.”

“There should be an egg before this stove, and a man should have escaped from it. That person's identity and whereabouts shouldn't be hard to find... Locate him for me, and I'll treat you to the flesh of a spotted ermine next time,” Bu Fang said.

Like Garuda, the spotted ermine was struck dumb.

“There was an egg before the Divine Artifact, and a man had escaped from it?” Chief Luo narrowed his eyes. He knew this was a very important piece of information. “Rest assured, Senior. I’ll make the necessary arrangements now.” After that, he walked toward the fighter jet.

Bu Fang decided to grill himself another roc wing. However, just as he pulled out another wing, the voices of the Vermilion Bird and the Qilin rang out in his head. He paused, then his pupils constricted.

## Chapter 1627: White Tiger Is in Trouble

Bu Fang paused, his pupils constricted, and he fell silent. The voices of the Vermilion Bird and the Qilin rang out in his head. Yes, they both called him at the same time.

He frowned. ‘Why did they both call me at the same time? Is something serious about to happen?’ With a thought, he went into his spirit sea.

The hem of the Vermilion Robe snapped as Bu Fang hovered in the center of the spirit sea, looking at the enormous Qilin and Vermilion Bird in the distance. Vermilion Bird was ablaze. Fully recovered, she gave him a very different feeling. In the past, she seemed to lack spirituality, and now she was a being with blood and flesh.

“What’s the matter?” Bu Fang asked, puzzled.

A rumbling sound rang out as Qilin moved slightly. However, he did not say anything but just rolled his eyes. It was Vermilion Bird who did the talking.

“Little Host... White Tiger is in trouble,” she said, her sweet voice ringing through the air. It sounded like the gentle whisper of a woman, which was soft and kept scratching at Bu Fang’s ear.

“White Tiger is in trouble?” Bu Fang froze, then he understood what she meant. After coming out of the egg, White Tiger should have encountered some kind of trouble.

“It shouldn’t be... Although White Tiger is not in his perfect state, no one on Earth can suppress him, save those existences equivalent to high-grade God Kings...” Bu Fang said.



On Earth, a high-grade God King was about the same as a peak Immortal King. He was certain that beings of this level existed, but they should not be out in public frequently.

“I don’t know about that. White Tiger contacted me himself. As for Black Turtle and that stupid dragon... They haven’t contacted me,” said Vermilion Bird.

Bu Fang nodded, indicating that he was aware of that. ‘Looks like I need to pick up my pace. It is not so simple to let the Artifact Spirits recover completely and return to me...’

Vermilion Bird talked to Bu Fang for a while longer before falling silent. As for Qilin, he was sleeping in a corner with his eyes closed.

Bu Fang left his spirit sea. Xiao Ai was still smiling like a fool. Holding the computer, she was passionately replying to the questions posted by Internet users. As for Chief Luo, he had gone to make the necessary arrangement. Nethery and Foxy sat resting in a pile of soft snow after eating so much, while Shrimpy perched on his shoulder, spitting bubbles.

“Come... It’s time to leave this place.” Bu Fang glanced around. He had killed all the Gods and Immortals and taken back the White Tiger Heaven Stove, so there was no reason for him to stay here any longer.

The fighter jet landed not far away from them. Bu Fang did not refuse the offer to fly back with it. He stepped into the jet with Nethery and others. There was an onboard war room.

With a rumble, the fighter jet sped away and vanished in a flash.

At the secret base in Jiangdong, Bu Fang and the others returned to the command room. Many people looked at him with excitement and admiration. That somewhat confused him.

“Senior, they’re all big fans of yours now!” Xiao Ai clenched her fists excitedly. After she uploaded the video of Bu Fang’s fight to the Internet, he had become a famous figure among Internet users. Many people admired him. Since ancient times, people had always worshiped heroes, so this was not something strange.

“Senior, after going through the surveillance recordings from nearby places, we have narrowed down to one target, who we think might be the person you are looking for,” Chief Luo said when he saw Bu Fang.

Bu Fang nodded. Multiple footages appeared on the huge screen, then one of them was enlarged, showing him a figure. It was a teen who appeared to be thirteen or fourteen years old. His hair was long and white, sticking up, and he had an aggressive look on his face. If one did not look closely, they might think he was some rebellious teenager. And he did not stand out among the crowd.

“Yes, that’s him.” Bu Fang recognized the teen with just one glance. Without a doubt, the boy was White Tiger. He just did not expect that White Tiger was still a teen. But when he recalled the fellow’s egocentric attitude, it did make sense.

“The last place where this person was seen is at... the border between India and Hua.” Chief Luo frowned.

“You mean to say... This guy could have gone to India?”

Chief Luo nodded gravely. If that was the case, the situation would be tricky to handle. If he went beyond Hua’s borders, he had to report the problems to his superior. Besides, he could not deploy the agency’s advanced fighter jets and equipment beyond the border.

Bu Fang thought about it and found it might be possible. ‘Did White Tiger get captured by some God of India? What God could pose a threat to him?’

He pondered for a while, but he could not figure out an answer. Suddenly, his eyes lit up. With hands clasped behind him, he went into an empty room. There, he pulled Garuda out of the System’s storage space.

The fellow’s wings had regenerated, and as long as his golden flames did not go off, he could always regrow them. If truth be told, it was the first time Bu Fang had ever seen such an incredible ingredient.

He asked Garuda many questions. At first, the big bird refused to talk, but after Bu Fang had read out the names of a whole bunch of dishes, he spilled the beans on what he knew. He had no choice. If he did not talk, he would be turned to those dishes.

After some time, Bu Fang threw Garuda back into the System’s storage space and walked out of the room. Chief Luo walked up to him with a serious face. “Are you really going to India, Senior?”

Bu Fang nodded. He could not leave White Tiger alone. After all, the Artifact Spirit was only a child.

“With the recovery of Earth’s spiritual energy, the Gods of India must have returned as well... You have to be extra careful when you are there, Senior,” Chief Luo paused, sighed, then went on, “We might not be able to provide much support, besides... the Indians will definitely try to stop you too.”

“Don’t worry, they pose no threat to me,” Bu Fang said lightly. He really was not worried at all. All he cared about was White Tiger and the God who captured him.

According to Garuda, three Gods could pose threats to White Tiger: Brahma, Shiva, and Vishnu. Garuda was once Vishnu’s mount, but later, after he had acquired some success in his cultivation base, he became independent. Perhaps he was now regretting the decision.

There were many other Gods in India, but only these three could pose threats to White Tiger. Shiva and Vishnu should both be peak Immortal Kings. As for Brahma, he was very likely to be an Immortal King.

It was normal for existences of these levels to capture White Tiger. After all, he was not in his perfect state now, and he did not even know who Bu Fang was. To Bu Fang, he was just a child who knew nothing about the world, just like the Vermilion Bird when she first came out of the egg.

Bu Fang felt it was his duty to find them and restore them to their perfect condition.

“Since Senior has decided, I’ll go and get the car ready,” Chief Luo said.

But Bu Fang waved his hand and turned down the offer. “I’ll set off straight away,” he said. To him, modern vehicles like cars were too slow.

“Senior, I want to go with you!” Xiao Ai’s eyes lit up, and she stared at Bu Fang with an excited look.

Bu Fang glanced at her and nodded. Chief Luo did not know whether to cry or laugh. ‘Looks like Senior is going to stir things up in this trip too...’ For some reason, he thought of Garuda’s sad end.

Bu Fang left the base with Nethery and Xiao Ai. Once outside, his divine sense poured out, enveloped the two girls. Then, they shot into the sky in a flash, turned into a stream of light, and shot toward the horizon.

Chief Luo and his peers at the State Supernatural Agency were shocked when they saw this. To them, this was the means of an Immortal. “Senior is indeed an... Immortal!” Chief Luo said with mixed emotions. He remembered how he had mistaken Bu Fang as an ordinary man when they first met. At the thought of that, his face flushed.

Suddenly, the smartphone Chief Luo had clipped to his waist began to ring. He answered the call, and his expression changed.

...

The wind was blowing, howling like some monstrous beast, but Xiao Ai did not feel it at all. She carried a bag containing equipment such as a camera and a computer. She was going to do a live stream of Bu Fang’s activities this time. She felt that he could give people faith, which was what the world needed these days!

She looked down. Mountains were flashing by. They moved so fast that it was as though they were traveling through time. In just the blink of an eye, they passed the Himalayas.

Suddenly, Bu Fang frowned, then he stopped flying and hovered in midair.

“What’s the matter?” Nethery asked, confused.

“Someone is here to stop me,” Bu Fang said after thinking for a while.

Nethery and Xiao Ai paused, then they raised their heads and looked into the distance. Ahead of them was a vast expanse of land. They saw clouds of dust rising here and there, and heard a loud rumbling sound echoing through the air.

Tanks and armored vehicles rumbled across the plains, kicking up dust, and many cold muzzles were aiming at Bu Fang. There were red-tipped missiles as well. Rocket launchers, machine guns, and all sorts of weapons were targeting him. In addition, troops of soldiers clad in camouflage were waiting for him with guns in hands.

Xiao Ai's expression changed in an instant. "This..."

"Looks like they are prepared." Bu Fang's face remained unchanged. He narrowed his eyes, looked to the rear of those troops, and saw a huge illusive figure crouching there. It was a God riding on the back of a divine elephant. Locked in a strange posture, the God was looking at him as well.

"Why do the Gods of India still rely on the military power of mortals?" Nethery, standing at Bu Fang's side, said and pursed her lips.

"Senior must not underestimate military power. As Earth's spiritual energy recovers, today's military power has transformed. It now has the ability to suppress Gods and Immortals. Besides, once these weapons are fired, they are likely to cause global unrest..."

Xiao Ai's face was pale. She even forgot that the camera in her hand was live streaming. Someone on the Internet had claimed that the previous video she uploaded was fake, so she decided to live stream this time to give those people a slap in the face. However, she was beginning to regret the decision.

"It doesn't matter... I will bring the boy back. No matter how many people come to stop me, the result will be the same," Bu Fang said mildly. He glanced at the illusive God and twitched the corner of his mouth. Then, he turned to Nethery, shook his hand, took out a honeyed grill roc wing, and gave it to her.

"By the time you finish the wing, I should be almost done with them," Bu Fang said.

Nethery pursed her lips and took the grilled wing. Meanwhile, Foxy and Shrimpy, who were lying on Bu Fang's shoulders, jumped over to her shoulders at the same time.

Xiao Ai was stunned. 'Senior is truly... Senior. He's still as aggressive as before! Is he going to wipe out an entire army this time?!'

Bu Fang turned around. The wind was blowing at him, causing his Vermilion Robe to flap noisily and his long hair to wave messily. "I don't care what God you are. If you refuse to give me the White Tiger, I will kill you all." His indifferent voice echoed out. The next moment, he clasped his hands behind him and took a step forward.

As he took his first step, the troops on the distant plain opened fire at the command of their general. Cannons, rockets, grenades, and all kinds of shells were fired from tanks, armored vehicles, and machine guns. Even as Bu Fang walked across the plain, they arced across the sky, trailing flames and smoke as they rained down at him.

## Chapter 1628: Who Are You to Negotiate With Me?

“Is this really a good idea, Vishnu?”

A faint voice rang out, lingering beside the ears of the God sitting on the divine elephant.

“Don’t worry. Since Earth’s spiritual energy recovered, the power of mortals also contained special ability, which is enough to pose a threat to Gods. Let them weaken this Immortal of Hua first,” the God on the elephant said with a smile.

He had the appearance of a human being, and he wore many gemstones. But his skin was dark purple, and he had four arms, each holding a glinting weapon. The four weapons were a hammer, a sword, a bow, and a seashell. He was Vishnu. Slowly, he raised his head and glanced at the void.

A God riding on a white cow loomed in the void as if he was at some distant place. This God had one face, three eyes, and four arms. His neck was blue, and he had a double personality—one always angry, one compassionate. He was Shiva, an Indian God on the same level as Vishnu.

Obviously, these Gods did not dare to take Bu Fang lightly, or rather, they did not dare to take any Immortal of Hua lightly.

...

Rumbling filled the air as one shell after another rose into the sky and arced across the vault of heaven like fireworks, dazzling the eyes. Plumes of black smoke snaked upward, reeking of destruction. The ground shook as these shells fell and exploded, sending clouds of dust and smoke into the air.

“Open fire!”

Amid the troops that spread across the plain, a general was shouting. He was clad in a military uniform and holding a pair of binoculars, and his eyes were shot with blood. “Kill that Immortal! We have the most advanced God-killing weapons provided by the United States! We must blow this Immortal of Hua into pieces!”

The general had received a God’s will to intercept the Hua Immortal here. It made the desire to do battle inside him flare up, especially when his army had the advanced technology and weapons imported from the United States.

The recovery of spiritual energy was not a good thing to the United States, which was a superpower of the world. Its history was too short, and its Gods were all lesser Gods. That made it vulnerable before the other major powers, such as Hua.

However, it had the technology. Americans were best at researching technology, and they had developed weapons that could suppress Gods and Immortals. These firearms could break Gods’ defense, suppress their divine power, and even hurt them.

Americans had tested the power of these weapons; they had killed the Gods of their country with these modern firearms. Therefore, they called these firearms God-killing weapons. In fact, what they did was just fill the weapons with a kind of energy.

With his hands clasped behind him, Bu Fang walked through the rain of shells and flames at a steady pace. Bombs landed around him and exploded, blowing up dust and dirt that obscured his figure.

“Kill him!” growled the Indian general.

The air was filled with the rumble of tanks, armored vehicles, cannons, and all kinds of fighter jets. They did not dare to take an Immortal lightly.

With a piercing whistle, a huge shell shot toward Bu Fang at great speed. He slowly raised his head. Instead of dodging, he reached out a hand to grab it. He did not understand where did the God of India find his courage to attack him with firearms.

The next moment, the shell hit his palm and exploded. “Oh?” Bu Fang frowned. He seemed to sense the strange power in the weapon.

“This Hua Immortal must be an idiot! I can’t believe he had the nerve to catch that shell with bare hands!” The Indian general could not help laughing excitedly. He was sure that the shell could rip apart the Immortal’s defense and blow his arm apart.

“The army of India will become the second army in the world after the United States to successfully kill an Immortal! Keep firing!”

Fighter jets zoomed across the sky, showering Bu Fang with missiles and bullets. Tanks rumbled as they moved, shaking the earth. It was a horrible scene.

Xiao Ai, watching from afar, was already trembling all over. “This is so... terrifying...” The tremor made her hand shake as she held the camera. “This is not a movie, but real war! Those shells are enough to destroy an entire city!”

Meanwhile, Hua’s armies emerged along the border at the Himalayas. They were on full alert as they watched the war with horror. It was a battle against an Immortal.

The shell fell and was caught by Bu Fang. A deafening rumble echoed out, and flames engulfed him in an instant. A violent force seemed to rip his divine power and try to burrow into his body. However, he sent out his divine sense and crushed the force into nothing.

“Interesting... This firearm is mixed with a force that can break my defense.” Bu Fang was a little surprised, but he was in no mood to study it further. He did not want to waste time now. He just wanted to rescue White Tiger.

“This Indian God is quite interesting as well. Looks like he is trying to suppress me with the power of these mortals. It is good thinking, but unfortunately...”

The flames dissipated, and Bu Fang stood intact. The hem of the Vermilion Robe fluttered. In its perfect state, the robe’s invincibility had returned.

Bu Fang clasped his hands behind him and walked on step by step. Shells, bullets, and grenades kept falling and exploding around him. However, none of them could hurt him. He was not affected at all.



The troops of India watched in horror, trembling with fear.

“This... Is this the power of a God?!”

“Why?! We’re using the most advanced equipment from the United States!”

“Great Lord Shiva, what monster is this?!”

...

“Pull yourself together! I want fighter jets and their missiles ready to fire! Don’t let him take another step!” the general bellowed his orders. The God and the leaders of the country had commanded him to do his best to stop this Hua Immortal, so he must accomplish the mission.

From the horizon, fighter jets zoomed over and unleashed volleys of bullets. For a moment, the whole sky seemed to be covered by countless fighter jets.

The sight of this made every man in Hua’s armies suck in a cold breath. As they looked at Bu Fang, who was perfectly calm and collected amid thousands of shells and bullets, they felt a moment of trance.

Xiao Ai felt she was going crazy, and her hand that held the camera was shaking. As she filmed, the scene was uploaded to the Internet, and many people were watching the live stream. The sight of a man facing an army was simply shocking.

The viewers were all gasping. They were so shocked by what they saw that they could not say a word. Compared with the previous video, the battle between Gods and Immortals, this was more overwhelming to them. After all, they were more familiar with firearms.

Bu Fang stood still and went no further. He took a deep breath. The next moment, his divine sense poured forth, forming an invisible screen before him.

A humming sound rang out as the falling bullets, shells, grenades, and missiles all froze in midair, unable to advance even for a bit. The loud explosions stopped at this moment, and the world fell

silent. The general and soldiers of India all widened their eyes and craned their necks as they watched the shocking scene.

Bu Fang slowly raised his palm, held it against the sky, and clenched it into a fist. At the gesture, all the shells in midair exploded. The vault of heaven turned into a sea of fire in an instant.

...

Meanwhile, in the United States...

“That’s impossible! India is using our latest weapon capable of destroying the defenses of the Gods! How could that guy be unscathed?!”

“Gods are nothing but stronger humans who have mastered mystical powers! They are human beings too!”

“When the power of a weapon exceeds the limits of the God, it is capable of slaying the God!”

The American leaders watching the battle through unmanned aerial vehicles cried out with disbelief. They had been watching the battle, but the strength Bu Fang had shown terrified them. They could not believe that their weapon had failed to get close to him.

“Ask those experts to find out a solution to this!” The leaders gave out their orders. After developing the God-killing weapon, they felt a sense of urgency again.

...

The light and flames in the sky faded away. Bu Fang watched indifferently as the Vermilion Robe snapped noisily in the wind. To him, achieving this was something very normal. He took a step forward, and in the blink of an eye, he was closing in on the battlefield.

The tanks and armored vehicles all aimed at him, intending to kill him. However, Bu Fang performed a series of movements next, which took the breath away from many people.

He raised his hand and gently slapped it out. A series of rumbling sounds rang out immediately as the muzzles of the tanks twisted and fell to the ground, the armored vehicles were crushed, and the fighter jets zooming back and forth in the sky were brought down by a mighty force.

The sound of explosions spread across heaven and earth. The army was thrown into confusion, and the general's heart trembled. "Fire! I want everyone to attack that guy!" he growled, pulling out a gun.

Although the soldiers were scared out of their wits, they still obeyed the order. Everyone grabbed their weapon and submachine guns, screaming, and began to shoot at him. Flames spat from muzzles as countless bullets flew toward Bu Fang. At this moment, perhaps only the weapon in their hands could make them feel safe.

It was a horrible sight. However, what happened next completely turned their perception of the world upside down, causing them to lose their courage to fight again.

All the bullets stopped when they were one meter away from Bu Fang. They stacked on top of those ahead of them and eventually turned into a thick wall of bullets.

"Have you had enough?" Bu Fang's indifferent voice rang out. The next moment, the floating bullets all fell to the ground and sank deep into the earth.

With his hands clasped behind him, Bu Fang walked up into the air, shaking heaven and earth with each step he took. The world fell silent. Whenever he took another step, the soldiers of India felt the pressure on them increase. In the end, they all lay face down on the ground and could not even move a finger. The pressure had filled them with despair.

At last, Bu Fang stomped his foot in midair. A rumbling sound rang out as an invisible fluctuation spread across the sky. All the soldiers coughed out blood, and their faces turned pale, bloodless.

Alone, Bu Fang had defeated an army!

"Have you watched enough? Are you going to keep hiding at the rear?" Bu Fang said with a cold face.

He glanced at Nethery in the distance. When he saw that she had finished half of the grilled roc wing, the corner of his mouth twitched. Then, he turned around and rested his gaze on the void behind the army, where the illusive God was hiding.

With a flick of his finger, a silver flame shot forward, fell, and burned the void into nothingness. The God hiding in the void, who was riding on a divine elephant and invisible to the naked eyes, was forced to reveal himself.

Smiling, Vishnu said, "Sure enough, the power of mortals cannot stop you. I know what you want... If you want to rescue that white-haired boy, give me the stove and Garuda."

At the sight of this God, the Indian troops down below became reverent and frantic.

"It's the mighty Great God Vishnu!"

"God, bless me!"

"Great God, please punish this devil!"

The troops' confidence was already shattered, and they were terrified.

Bu Fang, on the other hand, was unmoved as he stared indifferently at Vishnu. "Who are you to negotiate with me?" His face was cold, and the corner of his mouth twitched.

## Chapter 1629: The Egocentric White Tiger Appears

Vishnu planned to trade with Bu Fang. He had intended to weaken this unbridled Immortal of Hua with the military power of mortals before he made a move to suppress him. However, after the battle just now, he started to be a little afraid of Bu Fang's strength.

The strange energy developed by the Americans would significantly increase the power of firearms, allowing them to break through the defenses of the Gods. Even he felt a little difficulty when facing them. And yet, Bu Fang was able to fend them off with ease.

In any case, he was not too frightened. After all, he was one of the three Great Gods of India, a supreme being.

He and Shiva had captured the White Tiger, the white-haired boy who emerged from the egg in the spiritual energy sealing point. Originally, they were going to fight over the stove, but they were attracted to him. After capturing him, they found that the stove was more useful than the boy.

This made them feel somewhat depressed. They thought there was something special about the boy, so they had spent a lot of effort to capture him. In the end, he was just an egocentric boy who fought like a mad dog. Fortunately, they were strong enough to bring him under control.

“You are too arrogant, fellow Immortal from Hua,” Vishnu said, his face cold. Bu Fang’s words were so rude that they made him angry. He was the Great God of India, and yet this Immortal of Hua actually looked down on him?

“I’ve decided... I will not give you the boy, and the stove will be mine,” he said. The divine elephant under him trumpeted, its long nose lifting as it stood on its hind legs as if to trample the sky to pieces.

“You have a nice... elephant,” Bu Fang said as his eyes lit up.

That only further infuriated Vishnu. However, those on the Hua side did not know whether to cry or laugh.

‘Sure enough, this is Senior’s style...’ Chief Luo was among the soldiers of Hua. He was somewhat speechless when he heard what Bu Fang said.

Xiao Ai, on the other hand, clenched her fists excitedly. “Yes! That’s the way! Senior is always so domineering!”

Nethery was still nibbling at the wing, her lips shining with grease. She had to admit that Bu Fang’s grilled wing was delicious.

When the scene was streamed on the Internet through the camera, all viewers broke out into a commotion.

“Haha! There was a roc yesterday that couldn’t fit in a grill, and today we have a divine elephant who is too large to be put inside a pressure cooker...”

“Senior is a glutton, period! He will eat the mounts of all the Gods and Immortals in the world!”

“All hail the mighty Senior... I want to eat braised elephant meat!”

The Internet users were all laughing happily. They had been watching the battle seriously, but Bu Fang’s remark had lightened their mood.

...

The divine elephant was intelligent, and it flew into a rage at Bu Fang’s remark. Once again, it lifted its trunk and trumpeted. The sound was so loud that it shook heaven and earth.

Boiling with anger, Vishnu cried out, “Asuras!”

At his voice, each of his four arms threw out a lotus flower. They bloomed, and two men and two girls jumped out of them. The men were ugly and fierce, while the girls were beautiful and heroic.

As soon as they appeared, the four Asuras filled the air with a sharp aura. Each of them held a golden spear, the tip of which was pointing at Bu Fang. Monstrous killing intent could be seen in their eyes.

“Those who insulted the Great God will be killed!” bellowed one of the female Asuras.

‘Asuras?’ Bu Fang raised his brows. Each of these Asuras was equivalent to a top Heaven Immortal, which meant that they were about the same level as the Four Heavenly Kings. He had killed the latter with a swipe of his hand, so these four Asuras could pose him no threat.

“A pity that... Asuras are not edible,” Bu Fang muttered.

Once again, all the people did not know whether to cry or laugh, while the female Asura’s anger flared up. The four of them spun their spears in the sky, then flung them toward Bu Fang. “Kill him!” growled the Asura.

The spears ripped the void and seemed to leave holes in the sky, proving their terrifying power. The expression of many changed, while those in Hua's army looked horrified.

Bu Fang had no intention to waste his time on these Asuras, so his way to deal with them was simple and violent. He raised his hand and thrust his palm toward them in the sky. A huge palm emerged in midair instantly and slapped down, shattering the spears and turning them into fragments.

The Asuras' expression changed drastically. Roaring, they unleashed their aura and power, trying to resist the palm. However, the moment they touched it, they felt an overwhelming force wash over them.

In just a flash, the four Asuras broke and crumbled in midair, turning into dust and scattering everywhere.

With just one slap, Bu Fang had killed four Asuras, who were as strong as peak Heaven Immortals!

The Indian soldiers on the plain were dumbstruck, shivering all over with fear. Vishnu's pupils constricted, while Shiva, hiding in the void, snorted under his breath. Obviously, they never expected that the four Asuras would be killed within seconds.

'Vishnu, let's attack together...' Shiva said through a voice transmission. He was already feeling a sense of unease.

Vishnu narrowed his eyes and slapped the divine elephant. With him on its back, the mount charged. "Go!" he cried out, then he rose into the sky while the elephant pressed on, splitting into thousands of clones in a flash.

For a moment, the sky was filled with elephants, all trampling toward Bu Fang. The world turned dark as if the end was approaching. It was extremely terrifying.

Vishnu was truly one of the three Great Gods of India. As soon as he made his move, he caused a major change to the world around him. This was true divine power.

Rumbling filled the air, and the vault of heaven seemed to vibrate. It was as if a supreme will was watching them from above.

Chief Luo's cheeks trembled. "This is... an Immortal King level existence!" He could not believe that Vishnu was actually an Immortal King!

Xiao Ai's face turned pale, and her hands were shaking a little. 'This is the first time Senior faces an Immortal King, isn't it? I wonder if Senior could handle it?'

The military was paying close attention. Through Xiao Ai's live stream, the Internet users were also watching, and everyone gasped. They were laughing just now, but when Vishnu made a move, they still felt fear.

The world fell silent, and the only sound was the rumble of elephants running wildly across the sky.

"Hmm... Elephants are edible," Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth. In the face of tens of thousands of elephants, he did not dodge. Instead, he took a step forward and stomped his foot in midair.

All the elephants trembled at the stomp of the foot, then they halted in place, fell to their knees, and bowed their heads at Bu Fang. In the blink of an eye, they disappeared and turned into a whimpering divine elephant.

"There is one more. Show yourself." Bu Fang turned his head and looked at one specific spot in the void. His God of Cooking's Eye could see through all illusions.

Where he laid his eyes on, a white cow emerged, which carried a man on its back. He was none other than one of the three Great Gods of India, Shiva.

The appearance of the two Great Gods terrified everyone. "This Shiva was clearly planning to sneakily attack Senior! He's so sinister! Fortunately, Senior has discovered the evil plot with his keen sense of food ingredients!"

Expressionless, Shiva raised his four arms. Then, the white cow under him mooed and charged, heading straight toward Bu Fang.



The cow closed in on Bu Fang in a flash, but he punched it on the head, breaking its horns. The beast howled. Grabbing the elephant with one hand and the cow with the other, his eyes began to gleam.

“Heaven and Earth Farmland... Open!” Frowning, he looked up at the sky. A will seemed to surge there, but it left eventually. He twitched the corner of his mouth.

The muscles on his arms bulged as he ripped the void apart and created a rift, behind which was a boundless world. It was filled with the scent of flowers, green grass, and trees. It looked like a paradise. Suddenly, the divine elephant and the white cow disappeared. Bu Fang had shoved them into the farmland.

The faces of Vishnu and Shiva fell. They never expected Bu Fang to have such means.

“Attack!” Vishnu bellowed, and he lifted the seashell in his hand. Shiva’s eyes gleamed as he held up his seashell as well. Then, they both blew their seashells at the same time.

A peculiar sound wave spread. The plain exploded and burst apart under its attack, while countless Indian soldiers were killed by the explosion.

“Blowing seashells?” Bu Fang raised his brows. “Are these two fellows here to make me laugh?” he said lightly. When the sound wave swept over him, the Vermilion Robe fluttered. He was unhurt—the seashells had no effect on him.

Vishnu and Shiva exchanged a look, and their expression grew solemn. “Try this treasure, then!” Vishnu threw out his sword, while the third eye on Shiva’s forehead opened and spewed out a plume of flame to burn everything. It was the karmic flame.

They were both Immortal King-level existences, so they refused to accept the fact that they could not defeat a mere Immortal of Hua.

Bu Fang put his hands behind him and let the sword cut him and the karmic flame burn him. He was safe with the Vermilion Robe. In its perfect state, the Vermilion Robe’s defense was impregnable!

“Hand over the white-haired boy... and I will spare your life,” Bu Fang said after thinking for a while.

“How arrogant! What can you do to us?!” Vishnu said coldly.

They saw that Bu Fang was wearing the chef’s robe, which was a Divine Artifact. It had given him an impregnable defense, and that was the reason why they could not hurt him.

They refused to admit that they were weaker than him. After all, they were two of the three mightiest Gods of India. How could they be weaker than an Immortal of Hua?

“What can I do to you?” Bu Fang lost his patience. He raised his Taotie Arm, and the Yin and Yang energy swirled around the arm as he threw out a punch. A terrifying rumble echoed through the air, while the vibration of his muscles shattered the void.

An invisible force instantly enveloped Vishnu and Shiva, terrifying them. Vishnu raised his hand to block, but the punch shattered his entire arm. Then, a silver flame spread all over him and burned him down to nothing. A moment later, he turned into a lotus flower.

Shiva’s body was blown apart as well, but he condensed a new one, which took the look of a woman. “You... You...” He was horrified, and when he saw that Bu Fang was about to throw out another punch, he was scared out of his wits.

Without hesitation, he turned to flee. “Brahma, save me!” he screamed. He was extremely terrified—he felt an aura of death had enveloped him.

No one had expected to see this. “Is Senior always so... aggressive? Those are two Great Gods of India, yet he blew them apart as if they are some weaklings?!” All the people were dumbstruck, and they felt their hearts race as they watched Shiva flee in panic.

Bu Fang’s face was expressionless. He did not care who these Gods were. Since they wanted to stop him, he just eliminated them with his fists.

Suddenly, he frowned. Just when his punch was about to smash down, the void twisted, and a white-haired boy, whose face was black and blue and whose body was bound by heavy and cold chains, emerged behind Shiva, right before his fist.

The moment Bu Fang saw the boy, his punch halted in midair. “White Tiger?” He raised his brows.

The tightly bound white-haired boy raised his chin abruptly and snorted. Even though his face was black and blue, he was still as proud as before. There was nothing in this world that could make him bow!

Meanwhile, a beam of golden light emerged behind White Tiger, and soon, a thousand of them appeared, accompanied by the chanting of some Buddhist scripture. The next moment, a huge Buddha with four faces came into sight, shrouded in the light of Buddha that illuminated everything.

## Chapter 1630: Bashing Gods and Buddha

The world was shocked! Everybody was shocked! The live stream was uploaded to the Internet, and countless people were watching it. They all saw the incredible moment!

Vishnu and Shiva were two Great Gods of India. As the mysterious and unfathomable existences in myths, they were supreme and worshiped by countless mortals. However, two such mighty existences were blown apart by Bu Fang, and they did not even have the strength to fight back. Bu Fang had given each of them a punch as if he was bashing some kids.

That caused an uproar among the people of Hua and almost broke the Internet.

“All hail the mighty Senior! Have you seen how he walloped those Indian Gods?”

“As expected, the Immortals of Hua are stronger!”

“Senior will forever be my idol... Let’s see if those Indian Gods would still be so naughty?”

The Internet users went crazy with their comments. They were much more receptive to new things nowadays. With the recovery of Earth’s spiritual energy, everything had changed. Gods and Immortals had descended in many countries, and Earth was no longer the same. However, people were always adapting to the environment, so they gradually got used to this kind of life.

However, when the four-faced Buddha emerged from the clouds in the sky as if hovering above the entire India, everyone was stunned. They felt a sense of fear wash over them. It was a kind of fear that awed them and made them want to worship.

When the Buddha appeared on the Internet, some people even knelt before their computers, shaking with fear. Their arrogance and their laughter were completely shattered as soon as this mighty existence came into sight.

In their eyes, the Buddha seemed like the supreme Lord Buddha. How could they continue to be so arrogant when Lord Buddha manifested himself before them? Buddha was a religion in Hua, and many people kneel to pray to him.

At this moment, the Immortals at Kunlun and Penglai all sensed the four-faced Buddha's aura. Although Earth had expanded, it was still not too large for Gods and Immortals. The Ancestral Planet was tiny when compared with the Primitive Universe.

"It's Brahma... He's a top Immortal King who is just one step away from becoming an Immortal Emperor."

"That evil man is too unbridled, but he does grow the spirits of the Hua's Immortals."

"It's good that he had come. He can try that evil man's tricks for us."

All kinds of Immortals in Penglai and Kunlun were talking to each other. Bu Fang possessed two Divine Artifacts, so they would not let him go easily.

Meanwhile, the Western countries and the United States were watching the battle as well. When they saw the enormous four-faced Buddha that seemed to sit over the whole of India, they all sucked in their breaths.

They were horrified, especially the Americans. They had thought their weapons could defeat Gods and Immortals, and now they finally realized that those true top Gods and Immortals were not someone they could fight against.

...

Bu Fang looked up indifferently at the huge four-faced Buddha in the sky, who was emitting bright Buddha's light. He narrowed his eyes slightly.

The white-haired boy, who looked wretched with a bloody nose and a swollen face, was tied up by a link of large, cold chains, hanging in the sky before the Buddha. It was as if the Buddha was silently displaying his power to Bu Fang, who did stop his attack before the boy.

Shiva, who had turned into a woman, looked wretched and horrified. She fled to Brahma's side in panic, shivering all over. Vishnu could no longer return—he was blown apart by the Immortal with one punch.

‘What level is that guy? A top Immortal King?’ Shiva did not dare to think of Bu Fang as too strong. Fear still filled her. As for the possibility that he was an Immortal Emperor... She did not even dare to think about it. She knew there were Immortal Emperors among Immortals of Hua, but she hoped he was not one of them.

Bu Fang twitched the corner of his mouth slightly as he looked at the arrogant White Tiger, who was still so egocentric even after he was beaten black and blue. ‘This is the White Tiger I know...’

“Dear benefactor... be lenient wherever it is possible,” Brahma said. His voice caused the void to shake, and his aura filled those who sensed it with dread. As he spoke, shafts of golden light and strange-looking Gods emerged behind him, while strange, enchanting music rippled through the air.

“Release this child,” Bu Fang said, staring at Brahma.

Everyone was watching. Along the border at the Himalayas, the armies of Hua were prepared for battle. Standing before them was the strongest Great God of India, an existence many claimed to be the creator of the world.

They did not dare to take him lightly, even though they knew that if Brahma really wanted to destroy them, there was no way they could resist. In today's Earth, true top Gods and Immortals possessed absolute dominant power.

Brahma looked kindly at Bu Fang. He had one head, four faces, four arms, and he was golden from top to bottom, radiating the light of the Buddha.

“The Buddha is benevolent. You can trade the stove for a lifetime of peace for this child,” said Brahma. His voice was always so thunderous. All the Gods behind him were striking all kinds of poses as he spoke.

Bu Fang stared at Brahma with an expressionless face. “Trade the stove?” He shook his head. In that case, there was nothing to talk about between them. These stupid Gods simply had no idea that White Tiger and the stove were one.

He walked step by step up into the sky, rising higher and higher. “I will not trade with you, and you are not qualified to trade with me... Since you don’t want to release him, I’ll take him back with force...” he said.

Overbearing and arrogant, this was how the world saw Bu Fang. All the people of Hua fell silent, dumbstruck...

Suddenly, the kindly Brahma changed. He spun, and his benevolent face turned into a ferocious face, while the golden light that shrouded him faded away.

“You are full of sin! Sinner, you deserve ten thousand deaths! I now sentence you to death!” A string of prayer beads appeared in his hand, spinning, and a sonorous bird cry suddenly rang out.

The next moment, the ground under the enormous Brahma cracked and burst apart, causing broken stones to fly and shoot in all directions, killing many Indian soldiers. Then, a jade-green peacock spread its wings and rose from amid the rubble. As it emerged, it picked up many men with its beak and swallowed them. For a moment, the air was filled with miserable shrieks.

All the people gasped. The doomsday scenario frightened them. Brahma seated himself on the peacock’s back, his four arms waving in the air. The next moment, Shiva landed on his shoulder. She was still filled with fear inside, but that did not stop her from laughing wildly.

“Kill him, Brahma! Kill him quickly! He has two Divine Artifacts taken from two different spiritual energy sealing points, which means that he possesses great fortune! Kill him and seize his fortune!” Shiva said, laughing.

The peacock spread its wings and rose into the sky, carrying Brahma’s enormous body. Standing before the man and the bird, Bu Fang looked as tiny as a speck of dust.

The big bird then raised its tail and spread it. A fan-shaped tail fluttered behind it, emitting colorful light that dazzled the eye. For a moment, the whole world seemed to turn colorful. The peacock’s strength was extraordinary. Together with Brahma, they possessed power almost enough to destroy the world.

Shiva laughed excitedly. ‘The combined strength of Brahma and the peacock is almost comparable to that of an Immortal Emperor! This Immortal of Hua is dead!’

Meanwhile, the lesser Gods behind Brahma, almost a hundred of them, were striking all kinds of strange poses. At his command, they charged toward Bu Fang. Brahma himself, on the other hand, was chanting the Vedas. As he read the scripture, it materialized and flew out from his lips to suppress Bu Fang.

At this moment, everyone thought Bu Fang was about to be defeated and crushed, for almost all the Gods of India were rushing toward him.

Nethery stopped eating her grilled roc wing, Chief Luo’s palms were sweating, and Xiao Ai’s hand shook as she filmed the scene with the camera.

At this moment, the sky was filled with menacing Gods. Could Bu Fang resist them? None of them had an answer. Since his debut, he had defeated countless experts, and he seemed to be invincible. However, he was facing all the Gods of a country now...

...

At the Immortal Mountain of Kunlun, a cold female voice rang out, “Come and see me, Empyrean Fairy...”

The mist on the mountain spread as a graceful figure clad in an immortal dress descended from the sky, riding on an auspicious cloud. The lady looked beautiful and elegant. The shadow of a black bird loomed behind her, spreading its wings as if it was about to fly away.

The Empyrean Fairy did not seem to be very respectful of the cold female voice. Although the Queen Mother of the West was the leader of all female Immortals, the Empyrean Fairy’s status was not low either.

“Bring the Empyrean Roc who perches on the Divine Wood to capture that evil man... and avenge the female Immortals of Kunlun,” said the Queen Mother.

The Empyrean Fairy looked up slightly and nodded in silence. The next moment, she slowly rose into the sky, stepping barefoot on the auspicious cloud. At the same time, a melodious bird cry echoed out. A huge bird emerged on the horizon, spread its wings, and in just the blink of an eye, it came to the Fairy's side.

It was the Empyrean Roc. Retracting its wings, it landed on the Empyrean Fairy's shoulder like a hawk. With a gentle smile on her face, the Fairy played with the bird for a while, then turned to look into the distance.

"Let's go." The Empyrean Fairy nodded at the Queen Mother of the West.

The roc spread its wings and vanished with the Empyrean Fairy. No one in the world could fly faster than a roc. In just a flash, they had gone far.

...

Sitting cross-legged in midair over the Immortal Island of Penglai, the Daoist with a colorful ring of light behind his head raised his hand and performed divination with his fingers. Then, he said in an indifferent voice, "Come and see me, True Lord Erlang."

No sooner had his voice faded away than a dog bark echoed out from the void. Gradually, a man emerged out of nowhere, holding a smart-looking black dog. He wore a golden crown, and his face was fair and clean. There was a third-eye on his forehead, which gleamed sharply.

"Go and bring me the head of that evil man..." said the Daoist.

The man holding the black dog smiled gently and nodded. With a stomp of his foot, an auspicious cloud appeared. He stepped on it and sped away in a flash.

The Immortals on the island all looked somewhat excited. "True Lord Erlang is just one step away from becoming an Immortal Emperor! He will definitely kill that evil man!"

...

Along the border at the Himalayas, all the people were breathing rapidly as they watched the scene in the distance.



Countless Gods were charging toward Bu Fang with weapons in hands. Brahma was chanting 'Vedas', which materialized and was pressing down on heaven and earth. It seemed that Bu Fang had fallen into a desperate situation in just the blink of an eye, surrounded by a sea of killing intent.

The egocentric White Tiger raised his head. At this moment, he could not help but pay close attention to the battle. He could sense a familiar aura in Bu Fang.

In the face of the giant peacock with its tail spread, the approaching Gods, and the pressure from the scripture, Bu Fang stood straight like a spear in midair, unmoving. Brahma had condemned him and was reading his sin, but he just twitched the corner of his mouth.

"Since there's nothing to talk about between us, I'll just... kill all these Gods in the sky." Bu Fang's voice rang out, resounding throughout the world and stunning everyone.

Suddenly, a sonorous bird cry echoed out, and then a Vermilion Bird bathed in flames emerged behind him, spread its wings, and rose into the sky. Bu Fang stood on top of its head. With the Yin and Yang energy swirling around his Taotie Arm, he threw a punch toward the Gods in the sky and the golden scripture.

Although he was tiny when compared with the foes, he showed no fear and he did not dodge. Instead, he threw out a punch to bash the Gods and Buddha!